HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. I.—NO. 32.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1857. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached a regular issue of *nearly Seventy Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. IX.

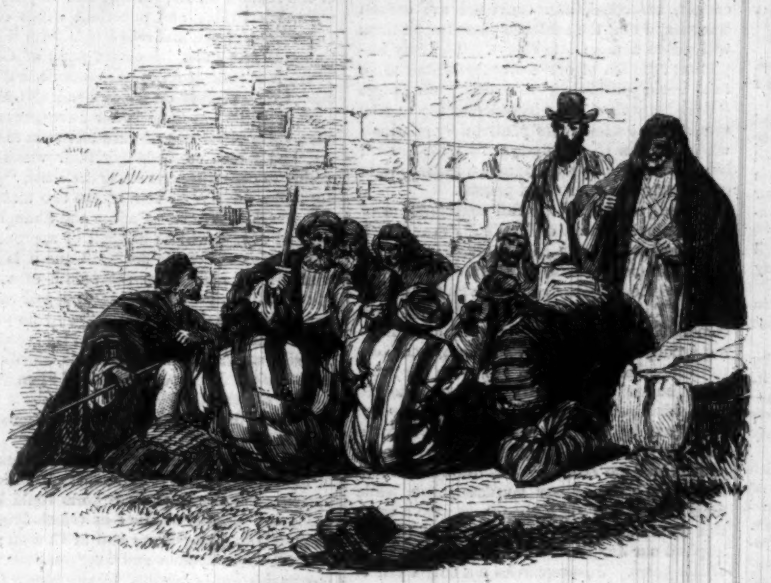
(*From our own Correspondent.*)

A Consultation with the Arabs.—The Jews' Wailing-Place.—The Streets of Jerusalem.—Tobacco Chewing.—The Church of the Resurrection.—Monks of the Church Militant.—Greek meeting Latin.—The way they Fight for the Sepulchre.—The Interior of the Church.—The Tomb.—Russian Chapel.—Last Hours in Jerusalem.

WE returned to Jerusalem, as we had agreed, for our letters. We did not pitch the tents again, but made ourselves as comfortable as possible in the Mediterranean Hotel, a little inn not far from the Holy Sepulchre. Here we remained three days. On the fourth we had a consultation with our Bedouins and servants, sitting in the open space outside the walls on Mount Zion, calling into the council Sheik Ben-ish-dad, a certain Philistine Bedouin, who, with his troop, had arrived from Gaza or thereabouts, and camped on the Hill of David.

I planned a two months' tour with their pleasant company and protection, up and down all the Holy Land. Houssein was not inclined to admit them to our society, but the fellow loves me, and, unlike his race, he yielded his whims to my wishes, it being provided expressly that he should always be chief of the escort.

I left them in close quarrel about some items of *bucksheesh*, and going down to the Moors' gate, which opens on the south side of the city, toward the pool of Siloam, I entered there, and made my way to the Jews' wailing-place. It was Friday afternoon. On that day they assemble here in a little open space against the old stones of the ancient wall of the temple, and bemoan the desolation of Zion. It is a solemn and affecting spectacle, nor can the hardest heart resist its influence. I gazed with respect not unmingled with veneration, as old men bowed their heads and murmured the prayers of their fathers and the laments of their King and Bard. I turned away from the scene with my own eyes overflowing. Then I walked through narrow lanes, deep with filth and mud, to the street which comes down from the Jaffa gate, and which is the principal business street in Jerusalem—rather, I should say, this and the two or three which cross it are the only business streets. Up this I walked slowly, with my eyes on the stones under my feet—sacred stones of ancient Jerusalem.



AN ARAB COUNCIL.

The stones are old at least. His weary feet climbed this hill often, and stumbled, mayhap, over such as these.

I remember once, in New York city, seeing an alley which leads west out of Broadway below Trinity Church. This chief street of Jerusalem reminded me of that. It was just as narrow, dingy, and filthy. But it was crowded with Turks, Arabs, Greeks, and Armenians, against whom to brush as you walked along was contamination.

Houssein and Achmed, the cook, stalked behind me, wondering, doubtless, at the Pasha's deliberation and slowness. Once they seized a miserable little Armenian, and as they seized him he howled. I wheeled and saw them.

"What's that?"

"He spat on the ground as he passed the Pasha."

"What if he did? He didn't mean it as a curse. He's a Christian, isn't he? Perhaps he chews tobacco."

"Chews tobacco!" exclaimed Achmed. "Holy Prophet! what does the master mean? Can there be any infidel dogs so abandoned as to misuse the gifts of God—?"

"Shut up, oh cook!" said Selim, sententiously. "If Howajji Yehyeh (John) should hear you, he would give you the korbash. He eats latakia."

"God is great, and Mohammed is—"

Doubtless he finished the sentence in the usual style; but I did not hear it, for the Armenian had escaped during the talk, and I turned to go on up the hill.

Ascending nearly to the Jaffa gate, I turned to the right, and walking along a street which runs north and south, pausing here and there to exchange a word or two with the shopkeepers, my old acquaintances, I arrived at a small alley, or passage, leading forty or fifty feet eastward, then twenty northward, then eastward a few steps to a low arched gateway, through which I passed and found myself in the court in front of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

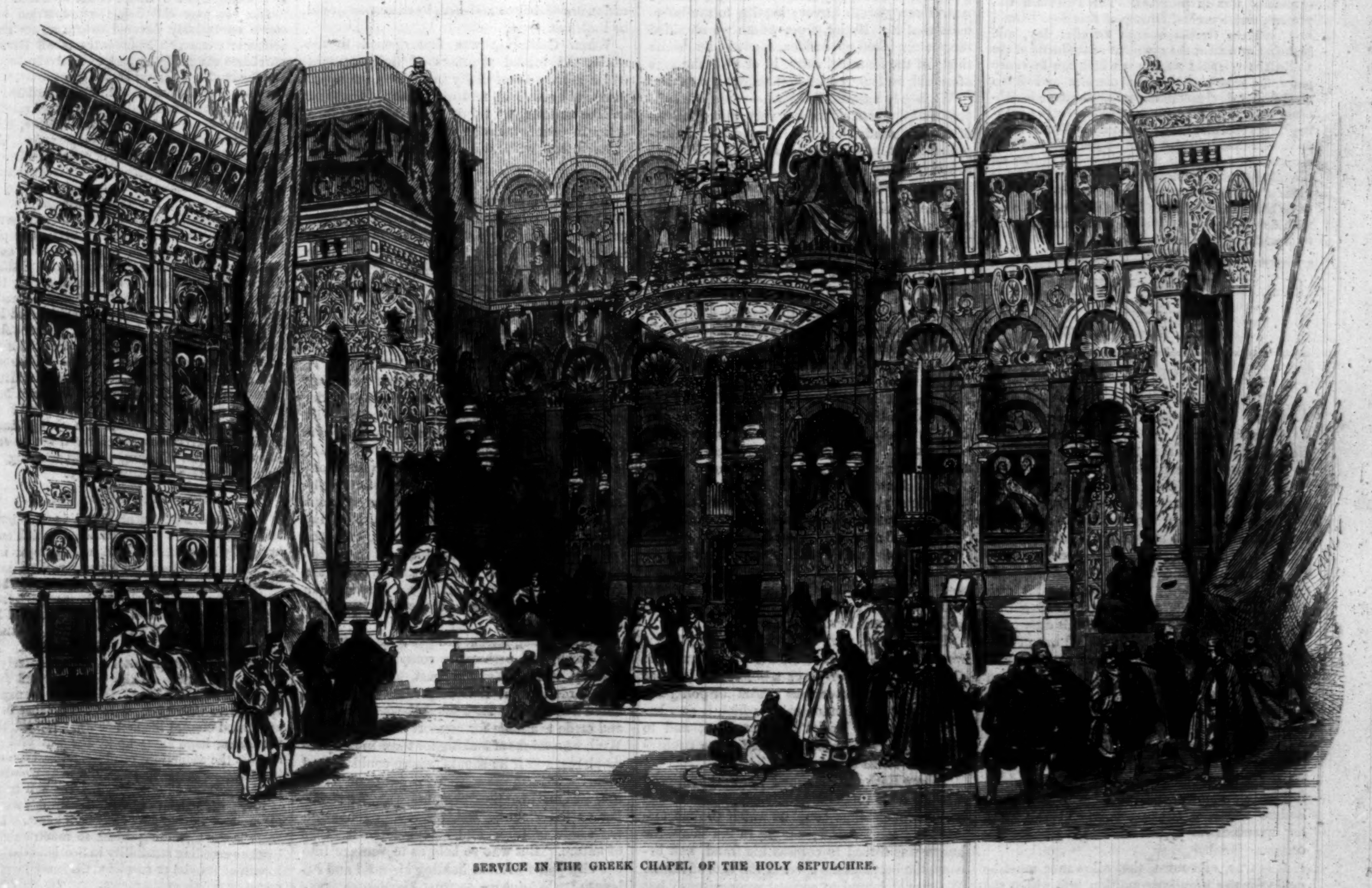
I was impressed all along the way with a sad feeling which I can not well describe, but which you may possibly imagine when you recall the fact that it was my last walk through the streets of Jerusalem, and that I was about to leave it—perhaps forever.

So when I approached the Church of the Resurrection I bowed my head reverently, for I have already told you that I believe it incloses the site of the crucifixion and the burial.

As I entered the court I was well-nigh weeping, and had there been quiet and calm there, I doubt not I should have gone to the Sepulchre, and knelt as devoutly as any monk of them all.

But imagine my horror at the scene which greeted my entrance.

The court was full of men, women, and children, in every costume and of every complexion. The mass was swaying to and fro, shouting and screaming, so that the air over the church was rent with the sound. In the centre, directly in front of the



SERVICE IN THE GREEK CHAPEL OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

grand door-way, within ten yards of the Stone of Unction, there was a confused heap of monks' heads and legs. Five or six of them were intertwined in each other's arms, pulling, biting, kicking, and cursing, as never man can kick and curse but a practiced fighter or a Jerusalem monk.

Here was the church militant with a vengeance! I dashed into the *melée*, Houssein close behind me, and seized a Greek father by the foot—for he was on his head in the middle of them—while Houssein and Achmed took hold each of a Latin brother, and then we pulled. They hung on like bull-dogs. It is a peculiarity of these fellows, that tenacity of grasp. Perhaps this is the reason they do each other so little personal injury in their frequent battles around the Church and the Holy Places.

Greek hung tightest. The Latins let up after a little dexterous kicking with the point of my French boot, and then the Greek's head was visible. He had the hem of the Capuchin's cloak in his mouth, and both arms wound tight around the legs of a third Latin, who lay on his face howling.

All this while the Turkish guardian of the Holy Places sat on his divan just within the door-way, smoking calmly and placidly. I shouted to him to come and help me.

"Bismillah! it is none of my business!"

He was guardian inside the door. What took place outside belonged to the street police, and I was left to part them as I could.

A bucket of water that Achmed ran and fetched from the cistern in the Greek convent directly alongside the church did the business. He dashed it in the face of the dirty Greek. Had it been arrakee, he would never have let up; but water he had no acquaintance with, externally or internally, and the shock overcame him.

You will think this scene exaggerated. I tell you, seriously and solemnly, that it is an everyday occurrence in Jerusalem and Bethlehem.

I entered the church somewhat aroused, as you may suppose, and it was difficult to regain what you might term a devotional frame of mind.

I went to the rotunda, and there paused by the Sepulchre a little while before I entered it. Then I went in and stood alone in the little room—the chamber hewn out of the rock—and bowed over the slab that covers the rock couch on which they laid Him.

I will not tell you of the current of thought which for an hour kept me standing there. Pilgrims of all nations came in and out on their knees. Every one was weeping bitterly. One poor woman, whose broken voice told me she came from Provence—land of troubadours and old pilgrims—wept in agony that seemed inconsolable. Poor child of sin and shame in France! She had been, perhaps, as gay a girl as any at the Jardin des Fleurs or on the Champs Elysées in the evenings, and her remorse had brought her all the way to Jerusalem, to lay her load at the foot of the Cross. She had a small hand and a tiny foot, and the contour of her face was fine. She was young, and had been pretty, but was faded, worn, and weary.

But so they come, lord and lorette, one after another, to the Sepulchre. Kings bring golden lamps and censers, poor women, successors of her of Samaria, bring tears, and all come trembling to this tomb.

John Steenburger found me here, and we went out into the grand Greek chapel, which opens directly in front of the Sepulchre. An imposing ceremony was in progress. The Patriarch was present, and the chief Bishop of this See. But I had seen the Greeks enough for that day, and glancing around at the gorgeous adornments of the walls, the splendid paintings which are in every panel, the superb gildings and marbles, and all the wealth that dead and living monarchs have lavished on the building, I turned away to pass the evening on the cold and desolate Mount of Olives, where, as the sublime sunshine went up the hills, and the shadows of Jerusalem rose higher and higher on the olive-trees, I recalled the prophecies which the voice of the Lord himself uttered on that hillside as he looked at the City of his father, and I marked with deep and never-to-be-forgotten emotion their total and complete accomplishment.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1857

WHY DOES CRIME INCREASE?

ALMOST without exception, the criminal returns in all parts of the country show a startling increase of crime—an increase wholly disproportionate to the increase of population. In this State, and especially in this city, where the development of the press enables us to keep a more accurate watch upon ourselves than most of our neighbors can, the increase in crimes of violence is perfectly appalling. Hardly a day passes that the papers do not contain some dreadful account of a murder—some peaceable citizen knocked down and robbed at his own door; or some gambler massacred for his gains; or some policeman shot for doing his duty; or, still oftener, some poor girl decoyed out of earshot, foully outraged, and thrown into the water. The horrid story is becoming so common that it has ceased to be exciting. Equally terrible is the increase of robbery. When the police took possession of Cancemi's rooms they found some five thousand dollars' worth of stolen property there, including an immense variety of female clothing; and as soon as the windfall became known, claimants for fifty thousand dollars' worth of stolen property made formal but unsuccessful applications to the police receiver.

It is true, of course, that allowance must be made for the peculiar condition into which the police system of this city has been thrown by the new police law, and the litigation to which it has led. But this excuse covers but a very brief period of time, whereas the increase of crime is of long standing; and there has been no new police law in Pennsylvania, Ohio, or Massachusetts, though crime seems progressing there near as rapidly as here.

The real cause, we apprehend, of this truly alarming feature of our society must be sought in the maladministration of the law. Our laws are complete enough for their purpose; but, on the one hand, a sad negligence on the part of those who are intrusted with their administration, on the other, a vicious tendency in the public mind toward undue compassion for criminals, combine almost wholly to neutralize and nullify them. Not one-fourth of the rogues, murderers, robbers, and rowdies—either here or in the other large cities of this country—are brought to justice, or even pursued with any thing like vigorous zeal; and the few who are caught, arraigned, and convicted are certain beforehand that the sentence passed upon them will prove a mere idle threat. The only important function of our Governors seems to be to let loose jail-birds upon society; our judges—seemingly from timidity—defeat the law by sentencing to a few years' penitentiary criminals whom the law clearly designed for the halter; between the two, vagabonds may well make light of the terrors of courts and prisons.

In the year 1856, on a full consideration of the criminal returns of England, the British Government came to the conclusion that no more sentences would be shortened, and the law carried out against convicts with the utmost rigor. That is a decision to which we must come. Tenderness to criminals is indeed proving cruelty to society; were our long sentences to the Penitentiary carried out, were our murderers hanged, our burglars taken out of harm's way, this would be a safer and more wholesome country to inhabit. It seems beyond a doubt that the abolition of capital punishment has simply had the effect of substituting innocent for guilty victims; our murderers live, while their victims die. It is time there were a reaction from the morbid sentimentality which has inspired our Judges, Governors, and the public of late years. Justice carries not only a pair of scales, but a sword also.

NOTHING TO WEAR.

SOME little stir has been created in literary circles by a claim set up by a young lady, the daughter of the Rev. Isaac Peck, to the authorship of the now famous poem of "Nothing to Wear," first published in No. 6 of this Journal in February last. The story which the lady's friends tell is, that Miss Peck tore her dress, and was led by that accident to a train of highly moral reflections which found vent in verse; that she carried the verse aforesaid about in her pocket, and unhappily lost it on leaving the cars near Twenty-sixth Street; leading to the inference that Mr. Butler, from whom we obtained the poem, picked up the idea, the title, and some thirty of the identical lines, in or near the cars aforesaid, and appropriated them to his own use.

We beg to assure Miss Peck—whom we suppose and understand to be a very young lady—of our profound sympathy. We are a little surprised that a young lady of her age should write so glibly about

> "Curses that sound like the echoes of hell,"—

(see the Rev. Isaac Peck's letter)—which is rather a strong expression, and suggestive of singular experiences for a young lady, the daughter of a clergyman. And we are struck by the masculine tone of other sentences—"Oh! ladies, dear ladies," "trundle your hoops"—"and say if you dare—" etc., etc., in the few lines to which, as it now appears, Miss Peck's claim is restricted. It is curious, too, that though the success of the poem was immediate, and it was a subject of general conversation in society in the early part of last February, the Rev. Isaac Peck and his friends should have waited till the end of July to put forward Miss Peck's claim to the authorship. This young lady is as commendable for long-suffering as for knowledge of the world. However, these little matters can no doubt be explained; and as it is now well known that Shakspeare did not write his plays, but stole them from Bacon and Queen Elizabeth, and that Walter Scott meanly put his name to such novels as "Ivanhoe" and "Kenilworth," which were written by Mrs. Captain Scott in Canada, so Mr. Butler's paternity of "Nothing to Wear" will be disputed by the erudite.

For our own part, we regret to confess that we do not believe that Miss Peck or any one else but Mr. Butler wrote a single line of that poem. We see no serious reason for going behind the original manuscript, which is now before us in Mr. Butler's handwriting, and to which, at our request, he added some twenty-five lines to fill out the page.

When Bathyllus claimed the authorship of Virgil's lines to Cæsar, the shrewd poet defied him to finish some couplets which the master-hand had commenced; caught in the snare, the knave was forced to confess his fraud, and became the butt and the sport of the wits of Rome. We do not intend to suggest comparisons; but we will say that if Miss Peck will furnish us with a poem of one-half the merit of "Nothing to Wear," we shall be happy to publish it in a conspicuous place, to pay her handsomely for it, and to insist on her claim as the most rising poet—of her years—in the country. We will, however, take the liberty of suggesting that she had better not carry it about with her when she rides in the cars.

STEAM NAVIGATION IN CHINA.

WE learn by a late mail of the safe arrival at St. Vincent, Cape de Verds, of the steamer *Yang-Tsze*, fitted out from this port for the China trade.

It has been for some time evident to shrewd Europeans and Americans resident in the different sea-ports of China that vessels propelled by steam would enjoy almost incalculable advantages over sailing-vessels in the navigation of the shallow waters, shifting and varying currents, rapid tides, and uncertain winds of the larger bays, rivers, and seas which form the entrance to the most important ports of China. There is at present no coastwise trade in China, except that carried on in dull-sailing Chinese craft, and the but little better Portuguese lorchas. American captains are often put to trouble, and forced to endanger their vessels, by sailing to different ports along the coast, "picking up" a cargo. Moreover, the two most important Chinese ports—Canton and Shanghai—are and always will be difficult of approach to vessels of considerable draft. Canton is situated seventy miles from the mouth of a river whose swift current, changing bars, and various obstructions, make its navigation by no means easy. The approach to Shanghai is over a shallow sea, studded with small islets, shoals, and sand-banks. Ning-po, the rival of Shanghai, is equally difficult of approach. And these three ports form the natural outlets to the most important tea and silk districts of China.

Now, with a sufficient number of steamers of light draught and considerable capacities for carrying, cargoes from these ports could be as easily and speedily obtained by vessels lying respectively at Hong-Kong and at Chusan; and thus all the difficulties and dangers of river and bay navigation be avoided by the larger Indiamen.

But a more important consideration still than even this would be the access had by means of such steamers to the large interior trading dépôts of China. Such cities as Nangking and Suchau would be brought in direct communication with the Foreign Devils, and the vast interior of China would be thrown open to their commercial enterprise. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of such a step forward in the trade with China. The American merchant and captain would make his bargain direct with the Chinese manufacturers and producers; the infamous extortions of the Celestial middlemen would be abolished; and the new communication once fairly established, its extension would be limitless.

When California was first opened to the world, the inland steamers of light draught which aided so materially in making the upper countries accessible, realized immense fortunes. In like manner, we think, there could not be a better investment than in small steamers capable of navigating without difficulty the Chinese waters.

Mr. Theodore Denon has made a commencement, by sending out the steamer *Yang-Tsze*. We understand that several steamers are being gotten ready in England, with the same object in view. It will not be long ere the Chinese rivers will swarm with steamers. Those who are first on the ground will doubtless reap a golden harvest.

PUBLIC DISCOMFORTS.

No people in the world take such good care of themselves individually as we Americans do, and none allow themselves to be so scurvily treated in mass. There is nowhere such private comfort and such public discomfort. Each man provides for himself the best possible constructed house, with the most complete appliances for comfort and ease. He has spacious rooms, wide stair-cases, soft carpets, lounging chairs, and all that art and ingenuity can contrive to lessen the pains and increase the pleasures of his daily life. He no sooner closes the front door upon himself and goes abroad, than he is obliged to submit to the worst possible treatment.

With the magnificent prospects for the future, it is hardly fair, perhaps, to complain of the deficiency, in New York at least, of public parks and gardens; but it is only reasonable to demand that those we have should be decently kept, and made available for comfort and enjoyment. Well, who thinks of looking for these in our public places, and if he should, where could he find them? This is the season for out-door pleasure, for breathing the soft summer air, for strolling on the yielding sod, for reposing beneath the shade of trees, and studying the beauties of nature. But who so bold as to venture into our city parks without holding his nose and his breath? Who cares to trust his French boots to their dirty paths, or his summer suit to their uncleaned seats? As for studying nature—unless the student is particularly devoted to the branch of natural history, when he will be always sure of finding a worm or a caterpillar under his very nose, or crawling in affectionate sympathy with his tastes about his neck—where can he read its lessons where all is neglect, disorder, and decay?

We are so dreadfully delicate in word, and so much the reverse in deed, in this country, that we hardly dare remind our readers of certain public requirements for the public comfort, the convenience of which abroad every traveler feels and acknowledges. We can only say that our theoretical delicacy in this respect makes us practically, and of necessity, not only the most uncomfortable but the least decent of people in our public walks. The Japanese even put us to the blush in this respect, and take care, by the public provision in every street for individual necessities, to secure the general comfort and decency of the community.

If we would only apply some of our individual experience and good sense, by which we have succeeded in making ourselves so comfortable in-doors, to the improvement of our out-door life, we might be freer than most people, not only from private but public discomforts.

CHAT.

THE FEMININE REVELATIONS OF BROADWAY.

A MODEST friend complains that his delicacy is dreadfully shocked, during his daily walks in Broadway, by the free revelations at shop doors and in shop windows of such mysteries of female making-up as no one would venture to disclose by word of mouth, though they are flouted in the eyes and face of every passer-by.

He tells us he is painfully put to the blush at every step he takes, for the whole of Broadway is festooned with skeleton hoops, inflated crinolines, and expanded petticoats. He can not, he says, go into a dry-goods store to buy a pair of gloves, without popping his head (of the impropriety of which he seems duly conscious, as becomes an unmarried man) under a full-blown female skirt, which, hanging from the top of the door, threatens, like a gigantic extinguisher, to catch and envelop his bachelorhood within the mazes of petticoat restraint.

Nor is it only that his modesty is wounded; his imagination, he says, has received an irreparable shock, for he had always hoped to admire our belles as beautiful and complete living totalities, while this unabashed disclosure of details so freely reveals the means of the making-up of our fashionable beauties, that he can only view them as artificial figures, ingeniously constructed, like a Chinese puzzle, out of odd pieces.

Our correspondent is unnecessarily fastidious, perhaps; but we have been somewhat surprised ourselves, we confess, at the free revelations of our Broadway shopmen, who, by-the-by, should have nothing to do with the sale of articles of female apparel and adornment, which should be left to women, who are exposed to so much suffering and temptation for the want of just such employment as is monopolized by those of our own sex.

Did you ever calculate the proportion of city stores exclusively devoted to the wants and caprices of women? Nine-tenths of all Broadway purchases are made by and exclusively for them, and the immense capital of that great mart, with its hundred of millions invested in land, buildings, and stock, may be considered as a perpetual settlement upon our wives and daughters. Here, then, is business enough to justify the employment, in their proper sphere, of thousands of unoccupied women; and we can not imagine how their own sex can possibly utter many of their wants in any other but female ears. Let alone what may be called the necessities of dress and household requirements, which, from their universality, may perhaps be a not improper subject of communication between the sexes, and think of the complicated artifices of fashion and the cunning devices to supply the deficiencies of nature. What must it cost female delicacy to reveal to a smirking, bewhiskered French *coiffeur* the capillary destitution, and to ask for a front, a braided tail, or a dye? How does a feminine anatomy of fashion venture to ask the masculine shopman for those mountains of skirts and mole-hills of padding by which the dead level of nature is varied with the elevations of art? If the ladies can do all this without a rising blush, we think that our correspondent need not be so nice, and might open his eyes, without winking, to the feminine revelations of Broadway.

THE SCOTCH POISON TRIAL.

In the old Parliament House in Edinburgh, a few weeks since, a trial took place, which excited, in rigidly religious Scotland, a deep tragic interest that has been unequaled by any reality, and can be only compared, in dramatic effect, to the fictitious scene where Effie Deans is arraigned for murder, described by Scott in the "Heart of Midlothian." Youth and beauty in both instances, in the fact and fiction, grace the prisoners. In the one and the other parental love and sisterly affection await, with choking emotion and beating hearts, the fearful issue. Over each is suspended, by a severe Calvinism, the awful balance in which are poised eternal life and death. In both there is the strong hope borne up by the watchful guards against the seductions of pleasure, and the careful inculcations of virtue; the religious training, the daily reading of the Bible, and the call to family prayer; the Sabbath of unmitigated devotion, and all the rigid discipline of a Scotch home. In both there is the agonizing dread, so much heightened by the exceeding sensibility in Scotland to the least breath of scandal or suspicion that may tarnish the moral or religious character.

Both trials were held in the same court of the old Parliament House, within the shadow of the Tolbooth Church—where Knox preached and denounced what he was pleased to term the harlotries of Queen Mary and her faith, and which church is brought in by Scott as so effective a feature in his great imaginative picture. Both prisoners, as they awaited the decisions of justice, could count the minutes which are hurrying on their fate by the old church tower clock, which was ringing out within their hearing its merry peal at each division of the hour. What a mockery to woe were those chimes as they struck their laughing sounds of merriment upon the attentive ears of that breathless audience gathered in the court, and listening with fearful suspense for the least word of hope or despair. You have read the fiction; read now the fact in this week's paper.

THE GREAT FÊTE AT NEWPORT.

The season at Newport—somewhat retarded this summer by the weather, or the decline in stocks, or the capricious recreancy of fashion—bids fair, after all, to equal in effective splendor that of any preceding year. On the 10th of this month will come off, weather permitting, the grand *fête champêtre* with which an Americo-Oriental nabob has determined to enliven the languid hopes of the fashionables, somewhat dispirited by the slowness of the season hitherto at Newport.

Mr. Wetmore, with the capabilities of his magnificent residence, the finest in Newport, and his expansive grounds, his wealth, and his prodigal resolution to spare no expense, will doubtless satisfy the heightened expectations of his eager guests. The ladies are fluttering with excitement at the prospect, and preliminary orders to shop-keepers and milliners are flying fast and frequent between Newport and New York, preparatory to the perfected display of fashionable summer toilet on the great occasion. From morning until evening fashion will be able to spread its wings in the widest breadth of crinoline on the broad walks; coquetry from behind sheltered nooks and shady groves will have the surest aim, and bring down its victims at the first fire; beauty will dance on the green, and secure, in the broad daylight, an eye for every rising charm and inviting grace. There will be the joy of music, the revel of the feast, the elegance of art, the beauty of nature, the studied display of fashion, the natural grace of female loveliness, and all the pleasurable stir and emotion which come from the commingling of such enlivening incitements to pleasure. That the languid heart of fashion even beats with expectation of the coming event who can doubt?

LIFE AT SARATOGA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

SARATOGA SPRINGS, *August* 1.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—What shall I tell you of Saratoga that you do not know already—of Saratoga, where the sun shines so mildly, and the rain falls so gently, and the wind blows so softly? Saratoga—the lazy and the lively! where the idle grow idler, and the fast become faster; where the young gain wisdom, and the old gain youth; where hearts are lost, and money won; where girls become women, and the single become double; where there are the most charming women, the loveliest girls, the biggest hoops, the smoothest hair, the largest whiskers, and the longest mustaches, the nicest horses, and the prettiest carriages—the best of every thing, in short? Where the good young men are all busily engaged in letting their hair grow, and the naughty ones in getting gray before their time; where the days are a hurry and skurry of dissipation, and the nights—I really can't tell what. I only know that, with dancing, *tableaux*, concerts, and some other amusements not open to us feminines, Saratoga has not much time for sleep. The season is hardly yet at its most brilliant phase; it has been backward every where this summer; but where there are pretty women and agreeable men we can not want animation; besides, there is always enough wickedness going on to make the Springs extremely interesting even to the sternest moralist. Some one says, "If God made the country, and man made the town, the devil must have made Saratoga!"

Whether he did or not, things look very much as usual. There are the customary old fogies, who have spent every season here for the last twenty years, most of them looking just as yellow and dried-up as ever. There are the invalids, endeavoring to repair their constitutions; and the healthy, endeavoring still more effectually to destroy theirs. There are pretty married women, adored, and never left a minute by their jealously-devoted husbands; and others, equally pretty, whose spouses keep at a discreet distance, and only show themselves from business at proper times, about the end of the week, when virtue assumes to take the lead; and there are so many charming girls that I am half in love with them myself, their very nonsense is so pretty—while they are young, at least. Saratoga is the Paradise of pretty women; we do every thing that we please, and nothing can possibly go on without us. You have enjoyed yourself here so much in former times, my dear Sir, that I need not give you the routine of our proceedings; how we commence in the early morning with our stroll to the Spring, wrapped in loose cloaks, and with plenty of hoop, by way of giving an air of distinction that may counteract the palpable want of finish in the toilet; then the wry faces made over the water by the uninitiated, and the business-like gulps of the experienced invalids.

Then the sauntering in to breakfast at our leisure, where we all look so pretty and nice in our neat morning-dresses; and some of us have *such* expensive ones, and, oh! such embroidered petticoats! And our admirers, of course, say something about our "freshness," etc. The malicious have a notion that when the hair is so immaculately braided and twisted at that hour of the day, it can't possibly have seen service during the night; in other words, that it is probably taken off and put aside with the flowers. But let us disregard these envious remarks, and admire the pretty creatures as they are. After breakfast, away to the bowling-alley, where the exercise is so well adapted to showing off a well-rounded waist; and some of us really bowl very well indeed, I assure you, notwithstanding our corsets. Then the delightful free-and-easiness of our manners to the gentlemen! Nothing but a fast watering-place can justify such demeanor. We don't think any thing of giving them sharp pokes with our parasols, or good hard raps with our fans; and then, in return, a flower or a branch is dashed in our faces by the lively swains. Pretty, isn't it? Well, I like to see people actively idle, people thoroughly *sans gêne* for once in a year, people who can throw their worries to the dogs for a while and be happy, as Heaven intended we should, without thinking of the bills to be met, or the notes to be taken up.

Well, then follow the pleasant drives, and the delightful gossiping in the drawing-rooms, where we examine each others' costume when there is no one present to flirt with; and if nothing better offers, we make up to the young and unknown professor of music, who, anxious to make himself manifest, is forever being riotous over the piano. He plays very well, I know, but this incessant repetition of the fashionable *morceaux* of the day makes me very cross; and if the aspirant does happen to cease, there is always some odious prodigy of a child who immediately jumps at the vacant stool, and can not be moved without main force; such little nuisances ought not to be suffered to range at large.

By-and-by succeeds the gradual calmness and quiet of the drawing-rooms—hours sacred to the dinner toilet, and blessed to retiring lovers, who, for a few minutes, make happy use of the parlor solitude, and enjoy a stolen *tête-à-tête* free from witnesses and interruptions. But there is life enough up stairs. What banging of chamber-doors! what hasty steps along the passages! what impatient calls for the maids! and what eagerness for the French hair-dresser! She comes at last, redolent of bandoline, radiant with gossip—the communication of which imparts a strong aroma of onions to the small apartment. She tells such stories, too, having been a fibber from her youth up; assures us, in succession, that our hair is so fine and beautiful, and we look so young, she can not remember to say *Mrs.*—so we must excuse her if she forgets and happens to say *Miss*. You measure the bad manner she is attending to you by the amount of flattering unction she lays to your soul, and away she hastens to another victim, while you descend to dinner.

To dinner! Now this is really the time of trial. What can equal the purgatory of a great hotel dinner? Why did not Dante mention it in his "Inferno," I wonder? He anticipated and imagined many horrors, but he did not go as far as this! What is more tiresome than the crowd, the heat, the flies, the smell, the noise, the pushing, the jostling—all endured for the sake of a meal that many poor creatures can not secure after all their sufferings? And what provokes me greatly is the sublime indifference of the waiters, with majestic Morrises at their head, combined with our complete and entire dependence upon them. Then the nature of the meal itself, often defying definition! Well, there is relief in looking at the pretty girls in their pretty dresses; at the laces of the *élégantes*; and the diamonds of the *nouvelles riches*. Diamonds and heavy point lace in the heat of summer!—almost as oppressive as the dining-room itself! It reminds me of the French lady, who, astonished to see a friend wearing point lace in June, was only quieted by hearing the wearer had a cold in the head!

But the after-dinner *séance*—all flirtation and scandal—how refreshing that is! We listen to the band, and combine the pleasures of digestion with the necessary scrutiny of each other's skirts, which you know we could not see at all while at table; and those who have on any thing extra splendid are generally thoughtful enough to sweep across the drawing-rooms once or twice for us, without our asking, which is really good-natured of them. Meanwhile the clever ones—those who are considered in their circle to be "brilliant conversationalists" (a tremendous long word, isn't it, to be applied to a woman because she is lively?)—these stars shine very brightly at this period, and talk very audibly indeed, particularly with the foreign gentlemen. There are always several of them ready to tell us how superior is Baden-Baden to any thing here, and that American manners are not exactly what they should be. They enlighten us, too, about the *beau monde* of Europe; all of them seem to have been very friendly with the *haute volée* of that continent, and can inform us exactly what people of rank and eminence are in the habit of doing, even with their finger-ends. To us women they descant upon the elegances of European life, and the refinement of the ladies; to their own sex they represent these ladies as on very intimate and tender terms with themselves. When they have run through the nobility, they descend to the mere notabilities of the era; and I don't believe there is an intelligent foreigner here who can not take away more distinguished characters than I have time to count. Mademoiselle Rachel is a very great card with this class; and if they can not pretend to confide to you something scandalous about her from their own experience, they have always a brother, or cousin, or some one, who "knew her very well *indeed*." And so these gentlemen amuse us, some of them even talking very well, even in the American tongue. Mr. ——, too, is here, and very amusing he is, and said by the girls "to be full of fun." If I were to say he belongs to the bar you might take it in two senses, as he is generally to be found in that spiritual locality.

But dear me! we can't sit here all the time. We have to dress again for the evening; let us make haste; there is more work before us, and conquest costs something. If we women are, as I believe, the be-all and the end-all of the Springs, I assure you, in confidence, the position costs us something. Saratoga is a very saturnalia of milliners and *modistes*. What do we do but dress? What are we here for but to dress? Why do we remain but to show the number and variety of our pretty dresses? And why do we leave at last but because we have gone through the stock? You must not suppose I mean to say we have worn out all we brought; oh, no! we have only worn them, not worn them out, and that is quite sufficient for each costume; for it does not "do," you know, at a fashionable watering-place to allow yourself to appear twice during a season in the same garment. There are cases of not unfrequent occurrence, when fifteen or twenty "Saratoga trunks," such as you wot of, are barely sufficient to contain a lady's panoply of war on your defenseless sex. Instance Mrs. ——, of the Fifth Avenue, New York, who, to the intense admiration of us all, kept up a steady fire of different toilets for weeks together without once failing; and she only beat a retreat at the last because a very cold week set in, and she had nothing left to exhibit but light, cool dresses. Rather, therefore, than lower her colors, and appear in a silk that could be recognized, she turned and fled, and commenced a second campaign at Newport, where the same game was pursued with unparalleled ardor.

There are always some good specimens of this genus about, and very peculiar they are to the observer. It is really civil of them to furnish us thus continually with an amusement so invariably variable; but I think a little notice to the effect that each costume was on view, for the "first and *only* time," would add excitement to our investigations. I wonder if, when we greatly admire any thing, they could possibly be induced to repeat the exhibition? They might, of course, take occasion to state publicly that it was done, as the play-bill says, "by public desire." There is Mrs. What's-her-name at this very time passing rapidly through her possessions, and, she is so very pretty, it will be a pity when she is obliged to leave, which will be soon at the rate she is proceeding. Judging from the size of her trunks, it is quite impossible they can contain three changes per diem for another week, all perfect novelties. She will have to succumb, I fear, long before the end of the season, if she goes on at this incautious pace.

There! do you hear the nice band? That music sets my feet going; I feel it at the very bottom of my *sole*. How can any mortal under twenty stone sit passive while it plays so delightfully? I *must* go and dance, even if I find no better partner than young G——, who is so extremely thin. For waltzing only I would not mind him, but, as a polkist, he bends his knees so painfully that one fears contusions. Why don't young men have their knees padded when they are so very anatomical? It looks so ugly, too, especially in light summer clothes, and yet I observe the boniest beaux wear their trowsers most tightly strapped. Apropos of this part of creation, let me tell you, with sorrow, there is not a handsome man here! At least there was not until darling Thalberg came, and he, dear fellow! has only just arrived, and, of course, doesn't polk. So fancy our condition! Now many of us are very good-looking indeed, and that makes matters unequal between us, you see.

We had a delightful concert last night from him and Madame d'Angri, when the lady was clever as always, and he, dear man! more irresistible than ever. I am quite sure any of us would run away with him any minute, if he chose to suggest it! Heaven grant he may remain a little longer! Mr. Dempster, too, the ballad-singer, is here, so we have music enough. It seems to me I have not said one half I meant to say to you, my dear editor, but I know your patience is not to be trifled with. So I say Adio for the present, instead of any thing else.

Yours always.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A SICK-ROOM.

AMANDA is one of the most charming of women, but she is too fond of cherries. The passion of a female for fruit has led ere this to the most fatal consequences. Adam lost Paradise for a pippin, and I very nearly broke my back the other day for a cherry.

It happened thus:

Amanda was in the garden, not eating bread and honey like that royal lady mentioned in the poem of our childhood, but sauntering up and down the white walks fringed with the blue gentian, idly plucking the blossoms as she passed, and launching at me, her companion, the most fatal glances from under her broad-leaved sun-bonnet. The garden was very pretty just then. Hollyhocks in the background lifted their red spires of bloom, tall and rigid as flamingoes watching by the shores the Nile. At one end a broad tent of vine-leafage made a pleasant shade. The grass-plat in the centre, green, and tufted with short, thick moss, glowed with the trailing fire of the verbenas, the glossy gold of the chaliced escholtzias, and the rich crimson of the turbaned ranunculi. The walls were covered with rich-blossomed creepers, wisterias, with their long racemes of pale purple flowers. Honey-suckles thrusting forth their thousand trumpets, and sounding fairy music to the wandering bees. The red bells of the ecreprocarpus swinging in the faint breeze, and, perhaps, unheard by us, chiming the hours of the floral day. On one side, from out the green tapestry of a Virginian ivy, peeped forth an antique head of stone—a head of griffin or of hydra, fabulous and fierce-looking, but from whose wide-oped, huge-fanged jaws, a fountain of clear cold water flowed into a basin beneath. The air was filled with light and perfume. The monotonous music of the falling water was soothing as a lullaby. It was a dangerous hour and a dangerous place. Amanda never looked more beautiful.

I have always regarded a garden as one of the most dangerous spots in which to be alone in the society of a pretty woman. There is a mysterious intoxication in the atmosphere that exercises a strange spell over the senses. The smells of fruits and flowers excite the sensuous organs of the imagination. The proximity of delicately-tinted roses offers seductive occasions for comparison and compliments. The lilies near by suggest poetic ideals of snowy necks and round, white arms. The humming of the epicurean bees, the plashing of the waters of the fountain, the low songs of the hidden birds, all these breathe pleasure and poetry, like a warm wind, over the soul. The very wind as it creeps through the leaves sighs like a lover. There is danger in those gardens.

I felt the influence. Amanda and I had become silent. Those silences that between man and woman are so ominous, like the silences that fall over nature before the storm bursts. We walked on together to a spot where the walk turned. Amanda scattering as she went the blue cups of a bunch of nemophilla that she held in her hand, I crushing a rosebud between my fingers—a poor grateful rosebud, that as I crushed it gave forth its sweetest odors. It was a perilous moment. Perhaps Amanda felt this, for she stopped at the foot of a huge cherry-tree, whose branches fairly flamed with myriads of fiery-globed fruits.

"What delicious cherries!" said Amanda.

The lightning had found the conductor. The threatened storm passed off silently. The impending passion was dissipated, and Amanda and myself were simple man and woman once more. I looked up through the laden boughs, and answered, sententiously, that they were very fine.

"I should like to eat some of them," continued Amanda.

"If it were not so high, I could get you some," I replied. The fact is, the height of the tree had nothing to do with it. I climb well, but I was dressed in white, and I felt that if I went up the cherry-tree in my present costume, I should come down looking like a plaster-of-Paris figure that had been half bronzed. Amanda gave me one of her scornful glances.

"Shall I send for a servant?" she asked.

"There is no need," I replied—I never can bear those scornful looks—"I am always your slave."

I sprang into the tree—with one sigh for my immaculate trowsers—and commenced to climb. As I was in for it, I determined to show Amanda all my agility, and so ascended from branch to branch with great rapidity. When I had got about twenty-five feet from the ground, and had both hands on a stout-looking limb, with my feet resting against the tree on the same level with my head, there was a sudden snap. I felt as if I was going down the principal cataract at Niagara, and I felt myself come down bump upon the hard walk. I lay motionless. Amanda of course screamed. The scream is the alarm-whistle of that high-pressure engine called woman.

In a few seconds the garden was filled with wondering, sympathizing faces. They lifted me up tenderly and carried me into the house, I grinding my teeth to prevent myself from screaming too, for the torture I suffered was excessive. As I was borne up stairs I recollect distinctly forming a vivid picture of the results of my accident. I never doubted but that my spine was broken or badly injured, and I beheld myself progressing along Broadway on a pair of crutches, followed by the gaze of active, straight-limbed people. I heard the horrible triple "thud" of the crutches, and the *one* leg on the pavement. I heard impolite boys at the corners of the streets shouting after me, "Go it, you cripple!" as I passed. I recalled all that I had ever read of the moral deformity of cripples, and began to wonder if I should become a species of Quasimodo.

Then came the arrival of surgeons, and the pitiless manipulations of my aching body, and the pleasing announcement—received by me, however, with all the apathy of pain—that no bone was broken, a severe contusion being the only injury received. So I was put to bed, waited on by friends tenderly, and on the instant every thing around me put on the aspect of a sick-room.

What an aspect it is! Furniture, no matter how modern, becomes queer and crooked, and as it were wrinkled. All exterior sounds hum in monotonous tunes. The roll of the omnibuses as they go by suggests melancholy melodies; the clock in the next room ticks rhythmically. The friends that move so noiselessly about you do not seem to be the same that they were before you got ill. They seem dimmer, more shadowy, older. You have the impression of having met them before, but it is faint, like the consciousness of a pre-existence. What fascinations trifles have for you! The pattern of the paper on the wall nearly turns your brain. The bird with the long tail that is forever about to hop from the purple angular tree on to the crimson temple becomes a source of awful agony. Will he ever do it? How does he ever expect to get through that yellow trellis that, self-supported, interposes between him and his goal? Then what manner of bird is he? A pheasant, a bird of Paradise, or a *Ptilcnoryncus holocericeus?* You tumble and toss on the hot sheets, and long for a gun to shoot him.

So the days passed. Hot weary days, hot tumbled pillows, aching and longing after the fresh air and the free broad earth.

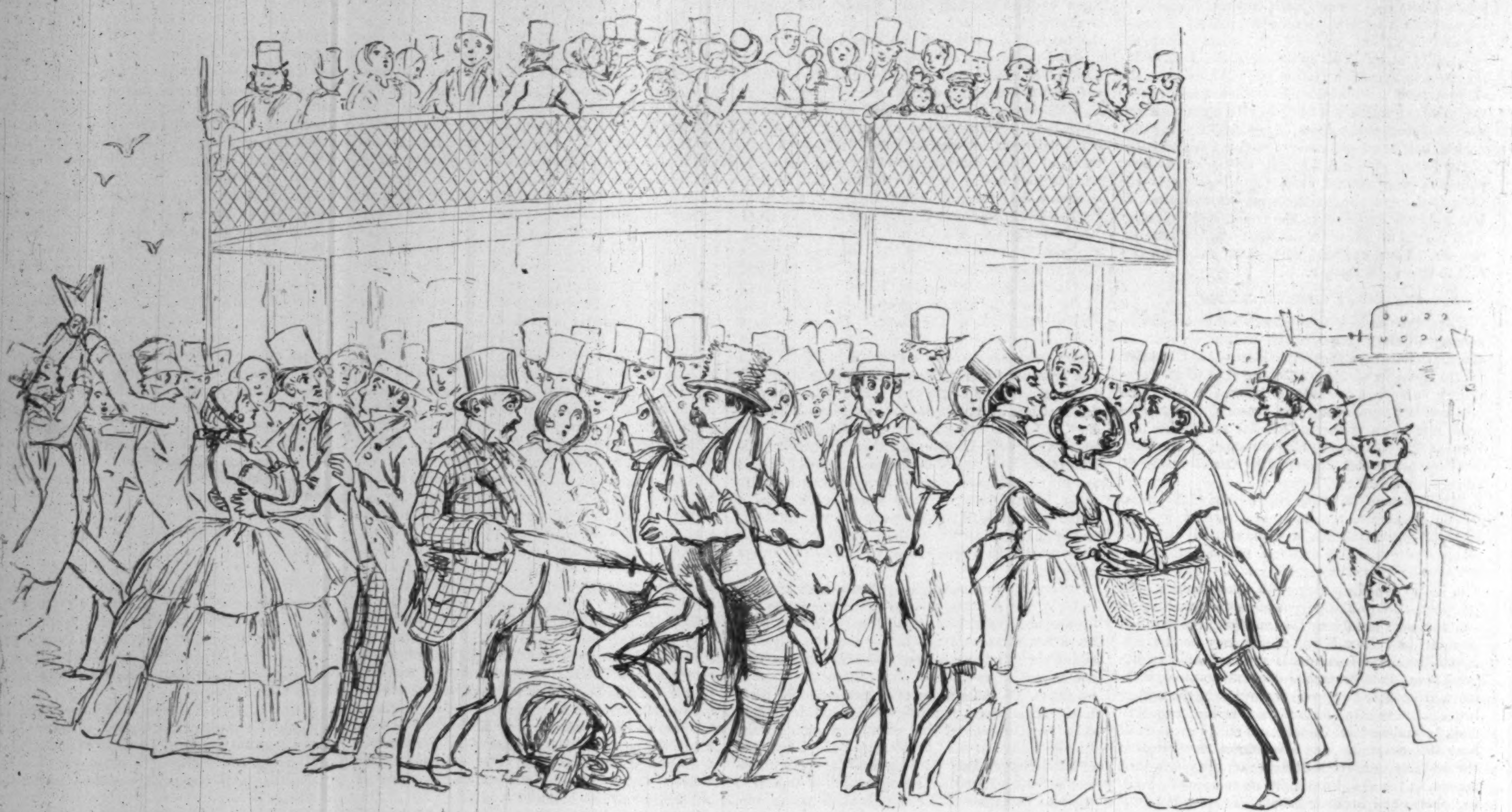
There was a monkey. He sometimes came in to see me, as if to inquire how I was getting on. He was an amusing monkey—being a native of Brazil, where the monkeys are of a peculiarly comic turn—and had a habit of putting his head into the water-pitcher, where it invariably stuck and was extricated again with great difficulty.

One day when I was lying in a half-lethargic state the monkey came in, and, being deceived by my immobility, improved the opportunity and immediately stole my pocket-handkerchief, after which he departed. I was incapable of pursuit, so I lay looking at the ceiling and made some speculations

ON THIEVES,

which the printer, that most impracticable of mortals, informs me must be deferred till the next number.

OUR EXCURSION TO THE FISHING BANKS.



THE START.

"EXCURSION FOR THE MILLION. The splendid steamer *Flyaway*, Von Dunk, Master, will leave Pier No. —, for the Fishing Banks, at 7 A.M. on Tuesday next, returning same evening. Passengers will be enabled to fish for several hours; and thus, besides the benefits of the pure and bracing sea-air, they may expect to bring home several dollars' worth of excellent fish. Fare, Two Shillings; Babies, Half-price."

"THAT's the thing, girls, isn't it?" said Papa, flourishing the newspaper—"the very thing you've been wanting all summer; glorious air; sea breeze; beautiful view in the Narrows; splendid fishing—eh?"

Mary said she had no doubt it would be very pleasant, but she preferred Newport for her part.

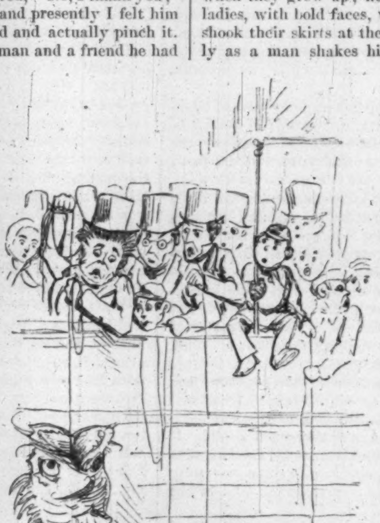
"Bah! bah! nonsense!" said Papa; "all nonsense, Saratoga and Newport—quite gone out, my dears; nobody there this year; quite deserted; don't you see what the newspapers say? Stupid society, no rational enjoyment, gamblers, blacklegs, and—three dollars a day for the mere necessaries of life. We'll go to the Fishing Banks, and I hope you'll be ready to start at six, precisely, on Tuesday morning."

I was very willing to go, for I enjoy any thing of the kind; and when Mary found that William—he is a distant cousin of ours, with such a lovely mustache—was to accompany us, she grew reconciled to the scheme; so, on the eventful Tuesday, we were up by four in the morning, and dressed in a shorter space of time than the feat ever consumed before. I wore my blue barège (I tried my pink French muslin, but it didn't look well with a lace cape); Mary would wear her lilac silk, in spite of all Papa could say, and I must confess I thought she looked well, though as a general thing I think sun-bonnets odious.

The crush at the wharf was frightful. Two horrid men, with fishing rods and baskets, dashed between Papa and me and separated us. The first thing I knew my hoop was broken, and a disgusting-looking wretch (such a sort of person as you see in the windows of the St. Nicholas) sidled up to me, and said:

"Take you on board, my dear?"

The man's stare was so insulting that I hardly dare look at him as I muttered, "No, I thank you;" but he stuck close to me, and presently I felt him seize my arm in the crowd and actually pinch it. I screamed, at which the man and a friend he had with him laughed very much; but the very next minute—I know not how it happened, I was so frightened—it seemed that the butt-end of a fishing-rod flew out of the crowd straight up into the face of my tormentor, and an extremely good looking person with a fair beard stepped up and offered me his arm. His manner was so gentlemanly and his face so prepossessing, that I gave him my arm, and we went on board together. He had some trouble in finding Papa, who was desperately uneasy about me; but we were soon all together. I told Papa how kind the stranger had been; and he introduced himself as Mr. Grantham, and sat by us and began to talk to Mary—who, you must know, is much prettier than I am, and so of course I wasn't surprised at his talking to her in preference.



WHAT A WHOPPER!

Well, the *Flyaway* got off, and we steamed merrily down the Bay with such a crowd on board that whenever we passed a ship or steamer our little boat fairly lurched over with the rush to that side. I thought it delicious, and was never tired of watching the strange faces—the queer-looking men with bad hats, and black trowsers, and great dirty hands, and mouths stained with tobacco juice, and wicked, cruel eyes; the quiet-looking men, generally small and rather pale, as though they didn't often breathe fresh air, hedged in with very fat wives and a quantity of puny children, whose stockings wouldn't stay up, and whose faces were painted with tart and candy; the foreigners—whom I knew directly—generally with good faces, rather hairy, but not wicked, very queer cut coats, and such a flow of talk in French and German; the mammas, in a series of paroxysms about their babies who would rush to the side to see the foam—some of them very gentle, with dear, kind faces, but a good many so cross-looking that I wondered whether their children would love them when they grew up; here and there some young ladies, with bold faces, who talked very loud, and shook their skirts at the passengers as provokingly as a man shakes his fist; ladies in splendid flounced silks, with hats of the most expensive fashion, sitting with men in their shirt-sleeves, unshaven, and resembling sailors in appearance: some reading, some talking, some drinking out of bottles they had brought, many smoking, many spitting (poor Mary's lilac silk was quite ruined by this, and I think it a scandalous shame that men should be so dirty), a few quarreling and looking miserable, and a great many laughing as if they were very happy.

When we reached the Fishing Banks there was a scramble for places at the side, and we poor women were roughly shoved away, while the fishermen prepared their tackle. Fortunately for us, William (who didn't seem to like Mr. Grantham at all, and had sat by me in rather a sulky humor) secured a good place, and called to Mary in a rather bitter tone, I thought, to know whether she intended to fish?

She went directly, and left me with Mr. Grantham, who began to talk to me. I hardly know what he said; but it was very delightful to listen to him; he seemed to know every thing, and was so gentle and charitable in his opinions. He asked me many questions about our family, and about myself; but in so gentlemanly a manner that his curiosity did not seem at all impertinent.

While we were talking, I happened to look round and saw that a quarrel must have taken place between my sister and William. They were looking daggers at each other, without speaking; and as I watched them, I saw with horror that wicked Mary take a paper out of her pocket and throw it in the water. I know it was a letter, or some poetry which William had given her that morning. He turned deadly pale. I sprang to Mary's side, and put my hand on her shoulder:

"Mary, love, what is the matter?"

"Nothing," said she, in a very angry voice; "but I won't submit to be bullied *yet*," and she began to cry.

"William, what *have* you been doing?"

"Making a fool of myself by coming here." And he took a cigar from his pocket, and looked round for a light. Mr. Grantham produced a box of little things like matches and offered him one.

"Thank you," said William, in a pompous voice; "I don't think we have the pleasure of each other's acquaintance."

"My name is Grantham, very much at your service," said our new friend, a little stiffly.

"And mine, Sir, you may know in due time," and the foolish boy stalked away trembling with rage.

I was in an agony. But Mr. Grantham, who had reddened a little, laughed very quietly, and said to me: "I hope I haven't offended your cousin."

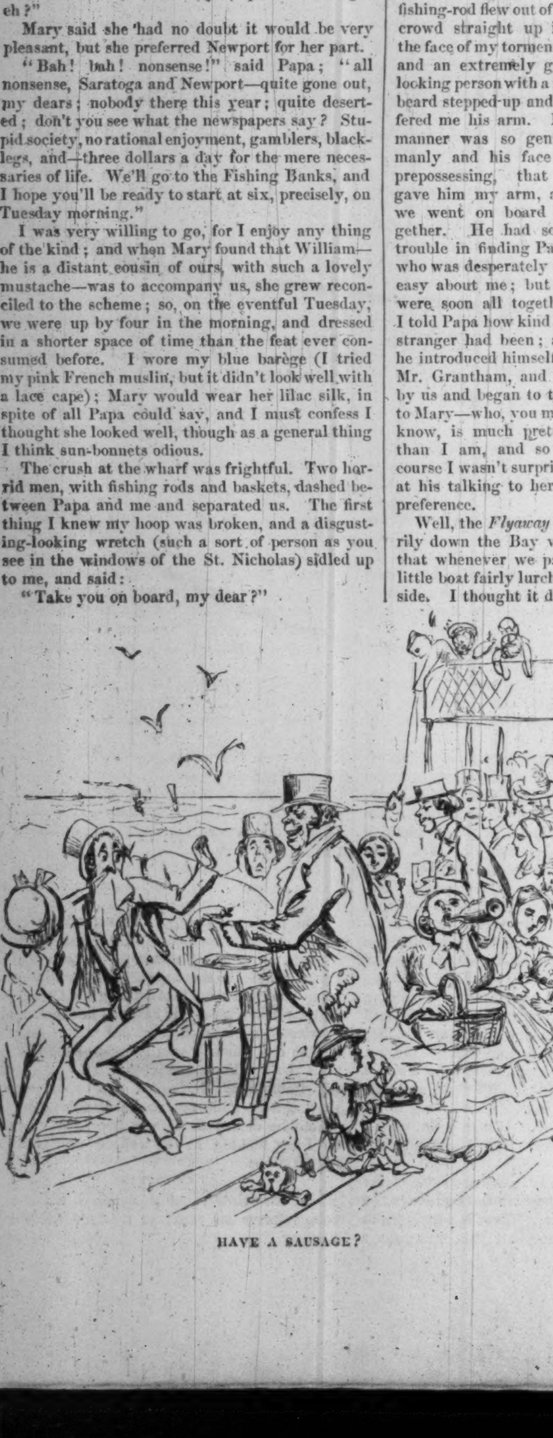
"Oh! no—" said I, hesitatingly.

"I should be quite concerned if any thing were to cut short our acquaintance now," said he, with a very peculiar look at me.

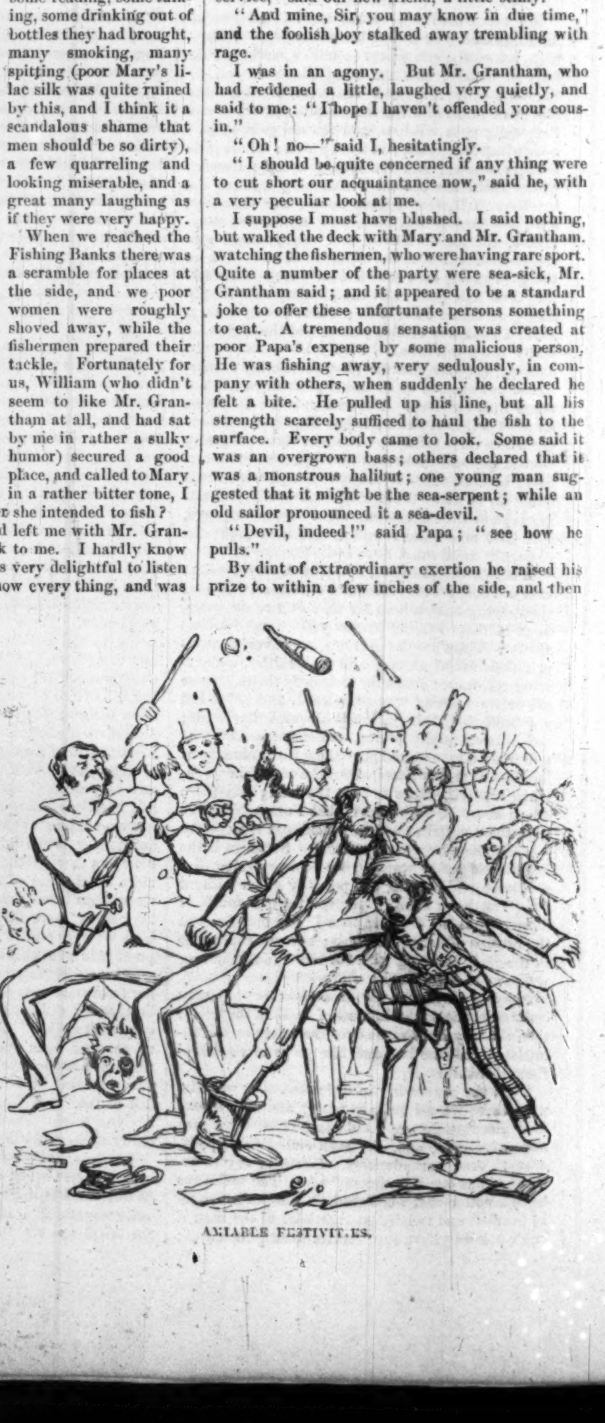
I suppose I must have blushed. I said nothing, but walked the deck with Mary and Mr. Grantham, watching the fishermen, who were having rare sport. Quite a number of the party were sea-sick, Mr. Grantham said; and it appeared to be a standard joke to offer these unfortunate persons something to eat. A tremendous sensation was created at poor Papa's expense by some malicious person. He was fishing away, very sedulously, in company with others, when suddenly he declared he felt a bite. He pulled up his line, but all his strength scarcely sufficed to haul the fish to the surface. Every body came to look. Some said it was an overgrown bass; others declared that it was a monstrous halibut; one young man suggested that it might be the sea-serpent; while an old sailor pronounced it a sea-devil.

"Devil, indeed!" said Papa; "see how he pulls."

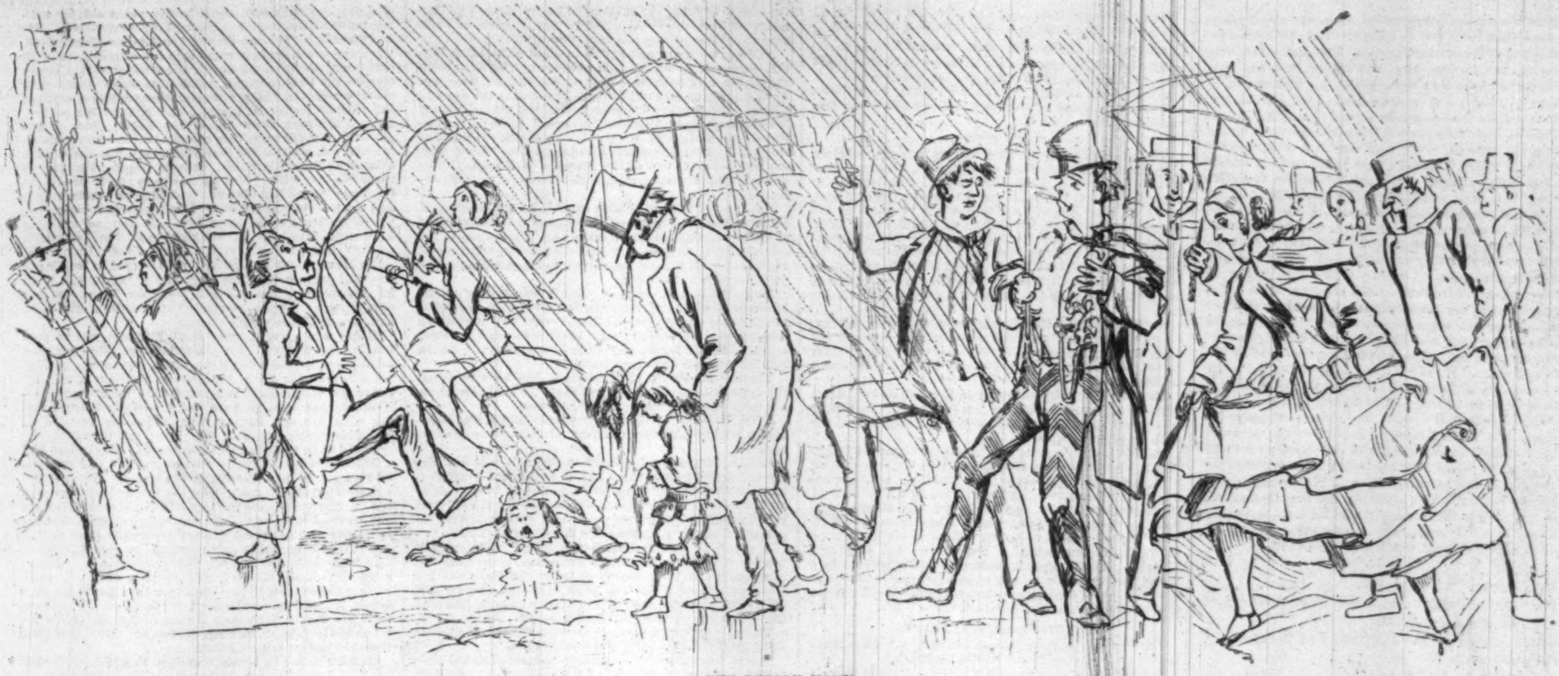
By dint of extraordinary exertion he raised his prize to within a few inches of the side, and then



HAVE A SAUSAGE?



AMIABLE FESTIVITIES.



THE RETURN HOME.

an enterprising fisherman made a stab at it with an instrument they call a gaff! Fancy our feelings when it bounced off from the gaff with a loud, metallic ring. The secret was out. It was a sham fish fastened to Papa's line by one of the crew, and according to the rule of the Banks he had to pay $5, and be laughed at besides.

When the time came for us to return, the fishermen were in an ill temper; and one of them—I was quite shocked to find it was the rude person who had frightened me at the landing-place—swore terribly, and wanted to fight the captain. He brushed past Mary in a furious manner, and he and one of his friends kept shouting that they would "lamm some one"—though what that means I don't know. There was, I think, some fighting between them and the crew, but I know that so long as I held Mr. Grantham's arm I wasn't the least afraid.

It turned out—only fancy how odd—that he was the intimate friend of an old partner of Papa's—a sort of connection, you see, though perhaps distant; so I felt quite at home with him. And he was very amusing, certainly. He didn't talk much; but every thing he said was so gentlemanly, and so interesting.

William wouldn't come near us; but I saw him in the front part of the boat smoking in a moody way. An idea flashed upon me; I asked Mr. Grantham to try and bring him back.

"Oh! certainly," said he; "with great pleasure;" and he made a step forward.

"If you please, Mr. Grantham," said Mary, "*I* would rather not."

He looked at her, strangely, piercingly; and continued his walk with us without a word.

I thus saw that he preferred Mary to me. I was not surprised at it; for every body knows she is prettier than I am, and clever besides, whereas I am very stupid and slow in conversation.

Night fell, and, to make matters worse, it began to rain heavily before we reached home. Such a scene of confusion I never saw. Husbands looking for wives; papas looking for their children; mammas screaming to their babies to keep close to them; noisy men quarreling, and some fighting, I think; noise and trouble every where. Mr. Grantham had procured two good seats for us and stood in front of us—he talked to Mary, of course—but sometimes I fancied he *looked* most at me. William came up to us, and looked very foolish; I tried to talk to him, but I confess my attention wandered, and in a few minutes he left us, greatly, I think, to Mary's vexation—though, as she was so happy with Mr. Grantham, why should she care?

We were opposite the Quarantine station, and it was dark; the stars were out, but there was no moon, and the ships' lights glimmered feebly in the distance; to tell the truth, Mr. Grantham had asked to see a ring I wore, and as I couldn't take it off he was examining it on my finger, and seemed to be very curious about it—though I didn't mind his looking at it as long as he liked—when we heard a great shriek, and saw a poor lady I had noticed in the morning throw up her arms, and screamed,

"Oh! stop, Captain, Captain; stop! my baby! my baby!"

There was a great rush toward her, and to the side of the vessel; some people shouted "Man overboard!" and in the twinkling of an eye I saw our brave William on the side of the steamer, and the next minute he disappeared. Poor, dear, darling Mary gave one scream, and threw herself fainting into my arms.

"Oh! he will be drowned! and it is my fault!" she sobbed.

I didn't know what I said. What could I say but—"Mr. Grantham, save him!"

Then I don't know what happened.

The steamer stopped, I think—there was a cessation of motion, at all events, and a great flashing of lights, and a great shouting, and people ran to and fro, and I heard them roar, "Here!" "Lower down!" "He has him!" "He's drowned!" "No, they're safe!" "Hurrah!" "Bravo!" and the captain bellowed to his men, and they put out a boat, and every body shouted all together, and a good many people cried, and the poor little mother who was near us, and who had been wringing her hands, leaped up, and ran, and kissed a gentleman who had her baby in his arms—and will you believe it?—it was Mr. Grantham! Oh! how happy Mary must have felt!

But she only sobbed, "William! William! William!"

"Here he is," said Mr. Grantham, in a bright, cheery voice, making a way through the throng for Cousin William to pass. "He is a brave fellow, indeed!"

Could I help saying, "And you, Sir, are brave, too!" and was I wrong in pressing his hand, and making room for him beside my pretty Mary?

Will you believe it?—Mr. Grantham, who has been at the house every evening since, has actually proposed to—me!

HONORABLE HENRY C. MURPHY.

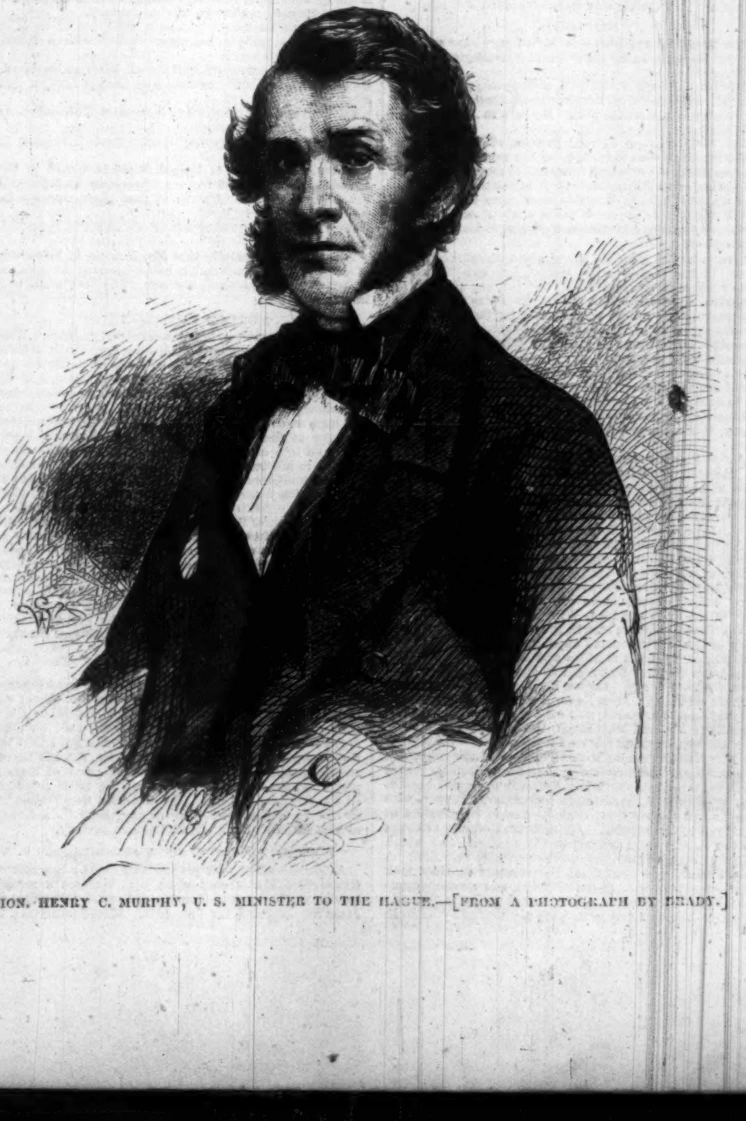
We present our readers this week with a portrait of Hon. Henry C. Murphy, of Brooklyn, our new Minister to the Hague. Mr. Murphy's biography may be comprised in a very few lines.

He is comparatively a young man—as his portrait indicates—probably the youngest of our foreign representatives, having been born in 1810, in the city of Brooklyn. As a politician and a writer for the press, however, he is a veteran. Twenty odd years ago, he was known as one of the ablest and readiest contributors to the political and literary magazines of the period; he "gave his proofs," as the French say, when Washington Irving was contending for his laurels, and the present generation of literary celebrities were in their cradle. Twenty-three years ago, when he was only twenty-four, he was chairman of Committee on Resolutions at that famous Convention at Herkimer, which is such an epoch in the history of our State; and distinguished himself at that Convention by moving a resolution against the banking monopolies, which proved afterward to be the entering wedge to their dissolution.

Up to the year 1842, Mr. Murphy devoted his time exclusively to the practice of his profession; having a large private practice as a lawyer, and being besides the counsel of the city of Brooklyn. In 1843 he took a seat in Congress, which he filled for two years. During his term he distinguished himself by the boldness and decision of his free-trade doctrines, by his advocacy of the annexation of Texas, and by his opposition to the newly-discovered Native American theories. Defeated in 1844, he was determined to show that the defeat was not final; he was again brought forward in 1846, and took his former seat in 1847. During his second term he brought to bear on the slavery discussions a fund of ripe legal knowledge and general learning.

At the expiration of this term Mr. Murphy retired to private life. His practice fully occupied his time; and his leisure moments were devoted to the study of the Dutch language, and the translation of documents bearing on our early colonial history. Several of these latter have been read to the Historical Society, and have been printed for general circulation. They are a valuable contribution to the history of our State.

It was doubtless this devotion to the early Dutch reminiscences of New York which indicated Mr. Murphy to the President as a suitable successor to Mr. Belmont at the Hague. It is not likely that he will have a large opportunity for diplomatic achievements; but we may expect that Mr. Murphy will return to us freighted with valuable treasures from the historical archives of the old Mother Republic; and indeed, as ministers go, it would be well if each allowed us to hope as much as this. We have not heard it mentioned that Mr. Murphy's predecessor brings home literary or political or any other kind of treasures.



HON. HENRY C. MURPHY, U. S. MINISTER TO THE HAGUE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

LITERARY.

Wild Northern Scenes; or, Sporting Adventures with the Rifle and Rod, *by S. H. Hammond*, author of "Summer Rambles," etc. New York: Derby & Jackson.

Mr. Hammond is one of those men of excellent judgment and good sense who find pleasure in the manly occupations of the forest. We have been for many years familiar with his life in the wilds of Northern New York, and remember with what interest and pleasure we read his letters in the *Albany Register* when he enriched its columns with forest experiences. The volume he now publishes is an admirable series of pictures of life in the woods, and a better guide to American fishing and hunting than any other with which we are acquainted. With a thorough appreciation of the beautiful in nature, an admiration for all that God has made on his mountains and in his valleys, and with a kindly heart toward his fellow-men, a graceful writer, as Mr. Hammond certainly is, could not fail to make a delicious book out of such a life as he has led in his hunting and fishing excursions. But he has also the true Isaak Walton characteristics. He loves the worm he puts on his hook. He finds a lesson in the dry branches that crack under his feet. The sky above him is a page of light, all written over with pleasant and with sad memories. The voices of the forest are eloquent when he translates them. We commend the work to all lovers of the gentle science of angling and the noble sports of the forest.

We miss in these pages an old story which is certainly worth preserving. Some of our readers will probably remember that Mr. Hammond is the gentleman who so nobly rescued a drowning man from one of our inland lakes. The scene, the plunge of the unfortunate fisherman, his struggles and despair, his rescue by Mr. Hammond, who got him on shore "at the risk of his own life," the meeting held on the occasion, the speech of the rescued and the modest reply of the rescuer, the general hilarity which prevailed among all concerned in the evening—all these were deserving of preservation between covers; and we are very certain other readers would have been glad to see them, especially when informed that the occurrence took place on one of Mr. Hammond's solitary excursions in the woods, when no one else was present to drown, or be saved, or to record the event.

Old Mortality. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. He will never die. So long as there are memoirs of the martyrs to be kept alive, so long he will live; and sometimes we have believed so firmly in the old man, that we have made him one of those that shall wear crowns where martyrs reign. It did not need the simple elegance of Ticknor's new edition to remind us of him; but all this summer afternoon on the sea-shore, with a cool wind blowing over us, we have read the luxurious pages over, and traced the history of Edith Bellenden as we did in childhood, and with the same perfect delight. What would some of us worn-out novel-readers do in summer days but for Scott!

Adventures and Missionary Labors in several Countries in the Interior of Africa from 1849 to 1856, *by T. J. Bowen.* Charleston: Southern Baptist Publication Society.

This book is a farther illustration of the remark that missionary labors have contributed more largely to geographical knowledge than all the scientific expeditions of the various nations of the world. The work is unpretending in style, and simply gotten up; but we find in it much interesting information concerning Monrovia, Liberia, and the interior of Africa east of these coast settlements.

The following extract from the book is worth reading, especially the account of the men with the caudal appendages:

> "None of my negro and Puloh friends had been very great travelers, excepting now and then a man or a woman who had been a slave in Fezzawn as they called it, or Kassandria. Nasamu and others with whom I conversed the most had no personal knowledge of any country beyond Yakobu, Mandara, Kaniké, and the Desert. But the Moors and Arabs, who had been every where, had told them wonderful stories of still other countries and tribes far off in the east. Somewhere on the other side of

Yakoba is a tribe of people called Alakere, none of whom are more than three feet in height. The chiefs are a little taller than the common people. The Alakere are very ingenious people, especially in working iron, and they are so industrious that their towns are surrounded by iron walls. Beyond these are a tribe called Alabiru, who have inflexible tails about six inches in length. As the stiffness of their tails prevents the Alabiru from sitting flat on the ground, every man carries a sharp-pointed stick, with which he drills a hole in the earth to receive his tail while sitting. They are industrious manufacturers of iron bars, which they sell to surrounding tribes. All the fine swords in Sudan are made of this iron. The next tribe in order are the Alabiwoe, who have a small goat-like horn projecting from the middle of their forehead. For all that they are a nice kind of black people, and quite intelligent. A woman of this tribe is now in slavery at Offa, near Ilorrin. She always wears a handkerchief around her head, because she is ashamed of her horn. There are other people in this "Doko" region who have four eyes, and others who live entirely in subterranean galleries. These wonders were attested by natives and Arabs. If the "German surgeon in the French service in Africa" had heard all this, he would doubtless have reported that he had found men at Ilorrin with *two* extra vertebræ instead of one. But the most singular *lusus naturæ* of which I have yet heard was the "French *savant*" who fell among the Arabs, and heard such vivid descriptions of tailed men that he went home and reported that he had actually seen one. No *savant* as yet, I believe, has published a scientific description of the roc's egg. After all, if there are white men in France with long ears like asses, why should there not be negroes in Africa with short tails like baboons?"

1. Mansfield Park, *by Miss Jane Austen.*
2. Pride and Prejudice, and Northanger Abbey; by the same Author.
3. Sense and Sensibility, and Persuasion, by the same Author.
4. Corinne; or Italy, *by Madame de Staël*; translated by Isabel Hill. New York: Derby & Jackson.

Miss Austen's works have always been popular, ranking among the classical novels of the female writers of half a century ago. Their appearance in Derby & Jackson's Library of Standard Female Novelists we welcome as the resurrection of old friends whose faces are even more welcome for their temporary disappearance. Of "Corinne" nothing remains to be said. It has been and will be read by every one, and a copy in good style and clear type is not to be despised. We have already commended this series of Derby & Jackson to the attention of readers and library collectors. Their appearance is a characteristic of the present age of book-making and book-reading, showing that the public demand for literature justifies the issue of a handsome edition of authors that were favorites when the old people of this day were young.

Fashionable Amusements, with a Review of Rev. Dr. Bellows's Lecture on the Theatre, *by Rev. D. R. Thomason.* New York: M. W. Dodd.

This volume is a treatise on the theatre, card-playing, dancing, and novel-reading. In many respects the author excels the great number who, like him, have written on these same subjects, and evinces a more practical common-sense notion of things. In other respects he errs in judgment on the same side with most writers who base their views on their ideas of reason, and not on experience. The result is a failure in the end desired. For example: an argument against card-playing loses its force when the writer tells the victim of that vice that his game requires only a very limited degree of skill, and that the pleasure of success in it must be less than puerile. The experienced player, and few but such become enamored of the games, will reject the teacher as one who does not know of what he writes. To a certain extent the same is true of the remarks of the author on novel-reading, although here he is more sensible and practical than many others. But his estimate of Scott should not be allowed to mislead the inexperienced, for in pronouncing him "by far the best novel-writer" he ignores the idea that there are classes of novels as of poetry; and that he might as well pronounce him "the best poet" because of his excellence in his own style and kind. Nor is his subsequent condemnation of the moral and political character of the great wizard's novels either well-judged or justified by truth.

We have not space to pursue these suggestions farther. The volume belongs to a class of books that seldom do good sufficient to balance the evils they produce in misleading the young. The lessons they teach are well enough, but the arguments are too often fallacious.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE NEW GRANADIAN DISPUTE.

It is now understood that General Herran and Mr. Cass have agreed upon a basis for the settlement of the dispute with New Granada. There are four principal subjects of controversy with New Granada, viz.: 1. Indemnity for the injury done to our citizens in the Panama riots of April, 1856. 2. The tonnage tax upon American commerce. 3. The purposed tax upon correspondence crossing the Isthmus; and, 4. The security of the Railroad Transit. The principle on which the first and second are to be adjusted is said to be agreed upon; a proposal has been made by Herran to settle the fourth by stationing a strong force of New Granadian soldiers on the isthmus; the third is said to be yet untouched. No doubts are entertained but that the final adjustment will be satisfactory and immediate.

PEACE IN KANSAS.

Peace has been definitely re-established in Kansas. Governor Walker writes that he apprehends no further disturbance. The President is said to have assured some visitors that the reign of the border ruffians was over, though the laws of the Legislature would be enforced at all cost.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION OF UTAH.

Governor Cumming has received his instructions as Governor of Utah. They are brief and specific. He is to see that the laws of the United States are faithfully executed. No man in Utah is to be affected for his political or religious opinions, but held responsible for his conduct. Should the civil authorities be unable to enforce the laws, the military force is then to be employed. While Governor Cumming's powers are ample for all practical purposes, much is confided to his discretion.

REPLETION OF THE TREASURY.

The amount of specie in the Treasury subject to draft up to 27th ultimo, was $19,494,853; of which New York had over eight millions, Philadelphia three, Boston over two and a half, and New Orleans and San Francisco one-and-a-half each.

NAVY ITEMS.

The Navy Department received, on 28th ult., advices from Captain Montgomery, at Aspinwall, who has command of the steam frigate *Roanoke*. He informed the Department that he would leave there on the 21st ult., or as soon as preparatory arrangements could be effected, for New York, where he will land the remainder of the filibusters. The sick list, by proper medical treatment, had been reduced from one hundred and twenty to fifty, and some three or four had died from disease brought with them. The storeship *Release* left Aspinwall on the 15th ult., for Boston, with a portion of Walker's men.

On the 1st July the *Decatur* was at Punta Arenas, where Commander Thatcher proposed to remain a few days, waiting the return of William Carey Jones from a visit to San José. He was to sail thence for San Juan del Sur.

The flagship *Independence* and the ship *John Adams* were struck by lightning on the 5th ult. The former was somewhat damaged, and the latter slightly. None of the crew were injured.

On 29th ult., on leaving the Naval Court-room at Washington, Commodore Newton spoke of feeling remarkably well, and called upon some ladies residing on the opposite side of the street. After exhibiting a finer flow of spirits than usual he rose to depart, and attempted to reach a bouquet of flowers which had been presented him, but was unable to do so. Placing his hand upon his head, he complained of the vertigo, and staggered forward. A lady present succeeded in seating him in a chair; but in a few minutes more he fell to the floor speechless, and died in less than an hour. Such was the closing scene of this distinguished officer's life.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

The Republican State Convention of New York is summoned to meet at Syracuse on 23d September.

The Territory of Oregon is said to have made the following choice at the recent election:

	Repub.	Dem.
To the Constitutional Convention	18	42
" " Territorial Council	4	5
" " Territorial House	9*	20

* One still in doubt.

The following are the candidates for the State offices in Texas, which were to be filled on 3d instant:

	Democratic.	American.
Governor	Hardin R. Runnels.	Samuel Houston.
Lieut.-Governor	Francis R. Lubbock.	
Land Commiss.	Francis M. White.	*Stephen Crosby.
Congress	1. Guy M. Bryon.	
	2. John H. Reaqua.	*L. D. Evans.

* Incumbents.

The Maryland State Democratic Convention met at Baltimore on the day fixed, and nominated Hon. John G. Groome for Governor.

The Americans of Maryland have nominated T. Holliday Dicks, of Dorchester County, for Governor; for Comptroller, William H. Purnell; for Lottery Commissioner, Daniel H. M'Phail; for Commissioner of the Land Office, William T. W. Seabrook.

THE WAGON-ROAD EXPEDITION STOPPED BY INDIANS.

Colonel Noble, the constructing superintendent of the wagon road to the South Pass, was at St. Pauls, Minnesota, on 31st ultimo. The expedition is, for the present, suspended, the encampment west of the Bix Sioux having been broken up, on the 18th ult., on account of the violent opposition offered by the Yankton Sioux Indians to the further progress of the party. They consequently retreated to Big Wood, about eighty miles west of Fort Ridgeley. The objection raised by the Yanktons to Colonel Noble's party crossing their country was that they would frighten away the buffaloes, their sole means of subsistence. Colonel Noble, before leaving the Indians, appointed the 20th of August to hold a council to treat for the right of way across the country. Should the negotiations fail, it is his intention to perform the duties assigned him, despite of all hostilities.

PROSPECT OF A SOUTHERN LINE OF TRANSATLANTIC STEAMERS.

At Old Point, in the Southern Commercial Convention, a series of eight resolutions were passed, delegating A. Dudley Mann to convey the sentiments of the Convention to the Knoxville Convention, and also to take charge of the correspondence concerning the proposed Ocean Ferry. The general tenor of the resolutions was warmly in favor of the project. Speeches were made by Messrs. Mann, Barbinger, and Chandler, of Norfolk, and eloquent addresses by several others. The Subscription Committee reported that $80,000 had been subscribed on the spot. The Convention then adjourned *sine die*.

PERSONAL.

The President and his niece, Miss Lane, have gone to Bedford Springs, to be absent from Washington a fortnight or so.

The Hon. Joseph A. Wright, of Indiana, recently appointed Embassador to Berlin, passed through our city on his way to his official post. He left in the *Atlantic* on Saturday.

The Hon. William Ballard Preston, of Virginia, also sailed for Europe on Saturday, on his mission to secure the establishment of a line of steamers from England to the waters of the Chesapeake. It is stated that all the railroad companies in Virginia, and some in Kentucky and Tennessee, have joined the movement, and that the parties now pledged to the enterprise represent a capital of $50,000,000.

Hon. Henry C. Murphy, the newly-appointed Minister of the United States to the Hague, was entertained at dinner by a large number of the leading citizens of Brooklyn, on Wednesday. The festival was intended to demonstrate the public respect both for the public and private character of Mr. Murphy. Governor King, Hon. Howell Cobb, Senator Seward, and other prominent politicians, were present.

It is said Mr. Pickens, of South Carolina, will be tendered the mission to France, if he can not be prevailed on to accept of the Russian mission.

Hon. Fayette M'Mullen, Governor of Washington Territory, was to leave for that Territory on the 5th of August.

Judge Mason has resigned his office as Commissioner of Patents. An Eastern politician and mechanic is in view as his successor.

Senators Seward and Preston King, and a large party of American ladies and gentlemen, were in Toronto last week and visited the Normal School building.

Among the passengers who have secured berths on the *Baltic* for the 15th of August, is the Hon. John P. Kennedy, who goes with his family to Europe. Mr. Kennedy is well known as the author of "Horse Shoe Robinson," and other popular novels. He succeeded as Secretary of the Navy the Hon. William Ballard Preston.

On Saturday before last, at the invitation of the Secretary of the Navy, several members of the Cabinet, accompanied by their families and friends, embarked on board the steamer *Water Witch*, and visited Mount Vernon. Among the guests were Mr. Henry, the President's private secretary; Miss Lane, his niece, and the Misses Reynolds, of Lancaster, now on a visit at the executive mansion; Mr. and Miss Black, the son and daughter of the Attorney-General; Miss Saunders, the step-daughter of Postmaster-General Brown; officers of the navy, and a few others. As they reached the Navy Yard they were received with a salute from the marine force stationed at the Washington barracks, and Secretary Toucey with the honors (salute from cannon) due to his position as the head of the service. All the naval officers attached to the station were present in full uniform, and which aided in making the reception ceremonies very fine. A naval salute was fired from the steamer as they took their departure from Mount Vernon, and another opposite Fort Washington. The ladies enjoyed the trip greatly. About thirty guns were touched off by them in the course of firing the salutes. The President and Secretary of State were compelled by the pressure of business to decline joining the happy company.

Among the passengers by the steamer *Europa*, at Boston, were two young English noblemen, who have probably come over to make a tour of the States. They are Lord Althorp and Lord Hervey. The first is the son and heir of Earl Spencer, a descendant of the great Duke of Marlborough, and a nephew of Viscount Althorp, the distinguished statesman who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Melbourne Administration. Lord Hervey is the second son of the Marquis of Bristol. They are both quite young men, under twenty-five, and unmarried.

Hon. David Wilmot, Union candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, has resigned his judgeship for the purpose of having a clear field, and giving his whole time to the gubernatorial contest. He has also challenged General Packer to meet him on the stump, to discuss the various political topics of the day.

Hon. William L. Dayton, who is summering at the Metropolitan Hotel, Long Branch, New Jersey, according to his usual custom, was attacked with bilious colic on Sunday week so severely that his friends were alarmed, and sent for his family physician, Dr. Coleman. At the last accounts he was much relieved.

Thomas H. Dunn, of Mississippi, has been tendered the appointment of Secretary of State for Utah, but there are some doubts whether he will accept.

G. W. Belden has been appointed United States Attorney for the Northern District of Ohio, vice Ranney, resigned.

Rev. E. Kincaid, missionary to Burmah, who had delivered a letter from the King of Ava to the President, has received one in reply, to be conveyed to that monarch, cordially reciprocating the wishes for friendly relations, and trusting that peace and good-will may be perpetual between Burmah and the United States.

A report is in circulation that Brigham Young has written a letter to President Buchanan, expressing his gratification at the prospect of being relieved from the Governorship of Utah, and promising that the Federal officers to be sent thither will be kindly treated, provided they attend to their legitimate business.

The wife of Ex-Postmaster General Campbell died at Philadelphia, at an early hour on 31st ult.

The pall-bearers for Commodore Newton's funeral were Captains Shubrick, Storer, and M'Cauley; Generals Henderson and Lawson, and Colonels Cooper and Craig.

Hon. John Glen King, of Salem, Massachusetts, died at his residence, on Sunday, July 27, at the age of 70. He had been for many years a leading member of the Massachusetts bar, and had held many offices of public trust. He was one of the counsel employed by the Massachusetts Legislature in the "Prescott Impeachment Case" of 1821, in which he sustained himself with distinction against Daniel Webster.

Richard Southgate, one of the oldest settlers of Newport, Kentucky, died Friday week at the age of 83. He read law at Albany, and went to Kentucky 60 years ago. Although several times a member of the Legislature, it is said he never stumped the State, and never solicited a vote. He died worth $1,000,000.

We regret to learn that the health of Ex-Secretary Dobbin is very precarious at present. He is debilitated to an extreme, and so very weak that it is impossible to leave his chamber. This is, indeed, painful news. Although aware of the failing state of Mr. Dobbin's health for some two or three years past, we had still cherished the hope that restoration to the quiet of home, and the enjoyment of his native air, might have exercised a reviving influence.

David C. Broderick, United States Senator from California, had a personal difficulty on the 1st ult. with J. W. Stebbins, ex-member of the State Senate from Yuba. Stebbins formerly supported Broderick, but lately has changed his position on account of some real or supposed grievance. The two met in the office of a third party, when, after some hard words, Broderick struck Stebbins in the face with his walking-cane. By-standers instantly interfered, and prevented further hostilities.

The Hon. M. W. Bates, the new United States Senator from Delaware, has for some time been threatened with a loss of eyesight; but it is stated that an operation has lately been performed in Philadelphia, so that he can now readily distinguish the form and color of the wall-paper, which he was unable to see before.

Mr. George H. Doane (son of Bishop Doane), formerly assistant-Rector at Grace Church, in this city, whose "perversion" to Romanism was a theme of remark a little time ago, returned from Europe last week in the *Asia*. He was in this city on Saturday. We understand that he came directly from Rome, where he has remained during the most of the period of his absence.

At the late Commencement of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon the Hon. A. V. Brown, Postmaster-General, who is a graduate of the institution.

Professor Manross and his exploring party have returned from a most interesting survey of the Mescala river and the country adjacent, in the southern part of Mexico. It is reported that interesting discoveries have been made by the Professor, and new light shed on an important and hitherto unknown tract of country.

Mr. George Peabody, of London, with his niece, Miss Julia Peabody, of Ohio, have been at the Tremont House, Boston, Massachusetts.

It is rumored that the Charter Oak Place in Hartford, Connecticut, has been purchased by George Law, of this city.

Ole Bull and son returned to Europe on Wednesday, by the *America*, from Boston.

Miss Kimberly is giving readings of "Nothing to Wear" in New Haven.

A Mr. J. M. Ewing, of Delphi, is out in a card in the *Delphi Journal*, dissolving his connection with the Old School Presbyterian Church, at that place, because he was cited to appear before that body and answer to a charge of heresy, growing out of his belief in Spiritualism.

A correspondent states that Mr. Francis A. Newcomb, of Quincy, Massachusetts, has become insane through the influence of Spiritualism, and was taken last week to a lunatic asylum.

MURDER IN THE CITY.

A Mr. Van Liew was found dead about midnight, Monday, in the neighborhood of Mercer and Canal streets. He was returning home with a bottle of porter he had been out to purchase for his sick wife, when, it is believed, he was set upon by garroters, and, in consequence of a sturdy resistance, was murdered. As yet, no arrest has been made. The friends of Mr. Van Liew assembled in force at the Fifth Ward Hotel, on Tuesday week, "to take into consideration and adopt such measures" relative to his death as they might agree upon. Resolutions of condolence with his family, to offer a reward of $1000 for the detection of his murderer, etc., were passed. Others reflecting on the Metropolitan police and the Police Justices of the city were read, but afterward withdrawn. Speeches were made against the rascality so rampant in the city, and some of the more hot-blooded were in favor of the immediate organization of a Vigilance Committee, to hang up on the nearest lamp-post all the scoundrels in the Ward. Wiser counsels, however, prevailed, and a Committee of Five were appointed to consider the expediency of forming the Vigilance Committee, the five to report on Monday evening at the same place.

MURDER AT NAVESINK.

A young man named Alfred F. Moses, a bar-keeper at the Sea View House, at Navesink, had his throat cut while in bed on 31st ult. He lived about three hours after. Coroner Connery, of New York, held an ante-mortem examination, in which the man stated that the book-keeper of the house, one Donnelly, cut his throat and then robbed him of a considerable sum of money, part of which he had won in gambling from Donnelly on the previous evening. He requested that the money should be sent to Mrs. Matilda Conklin, of 151 Locust Street, Philadelphia. Donnelly is in custody.

HORRID MASSACRE OF A SCHOOLMASTER.

A terrible affair took place about eight miles east of Greenville, Texas, on the 3d ult., between a school-teacher by the name of Moore, and a man by the name of Jesse Howard and his four sons. Moore undertook to chastise Howard's son, about twelve years old, for writing indecent language in a young lady's copy-book. He had struck the boy but four or five blows with a switch, when the boy's brothers came into the school-house with clubs, and one of them struck the teacher with a heavy club on the forehead, and felled him to the floor. The other struck the teacher several times while down, but the teacher recovered himself, and got out his pocket-knife and drove them out of the house. But at this juncture the old man, two other sons, and two sons-in-law arrived, and the old man rushed into the house with a large dirk pocket-knife. Moore begged Howard to spare his life, telling him he was then nearly dead. At this time Moore had a severe contusion on the forehead, and was covered with blood. But Howard, disregarding his entreaties, rushed upon him and plunged his long knife into him twice in his right side, both of which wounds entered the cavity. Moore broke from him, when Howard cut him on the right shoulder, making a frightful gash four inches long, and to the bone. With all his wounds, Moore broke from the house and ran twenty rods. The boys outside threw clubs at him as he ran, one or two of which hit him.

Moore was a young man, of slight make, and in poor health, who had lately come to this State. He was a man of unexceptionable character, and a successful teacher. He will probably die of his wounds, a victim of revenge so low and despicable that humanity blushes at the recital. The antecedents of Howard and his family are in keeping with this act, having been frequently engaged in brutal assaults upon their neighbors; and the family are reported to be guilty of every mean act. Moore had had a difficulty with the same child before, and had requested Howard to take him out of the school. The old woman replied she meant to send the boy to devil him, and that if Moore whipped the boy she would make Howard cut his d—d heart out. It is generally supposed that the boy was urged to provoke Moore to chastise him, and no doubt they expected it that morning, for they all arrived at the school-house in a few moments after Moore commenced to whip the boy, and the two oldest brothers were secreted close to the house, for they got to the door before Moore had struck the boy six blows. The Howards live half a mile from the school-house. Such are some of the facts of this horrible affair, as appears from the evidence on examination.

The old man's bail-bond was fixed at $1000; the oldest son's at $2000; and the other three sons at $250 each. But they have not yet, and probably can not, give bail. The public feeling is against them.

WENT MAD FROM LOVE.

A beautiful German girl named Hannah Rootker was taken to the Commercial Hospital, Cincinnati, on 26th ult., a raving maniac, her reason completely overthrown by disappointment in love. It seems that she had been engaged to one of her countrymen for some months, and had fully expected to become his wife, when her father informed her last Saturday that she should not marry. Upon the announcement she fell, as if struck by lightning, to the floor, and it was with much difficulty she was restored to consciousness. She then began raving frightfully, and with cries and screams and groans and tears and lamentations startled the entire neighborhood of Bremen street where she resided. Nothing could be done to calm or appease her—she grew worse and worse until it was determined to remove her to the Hospital. When there, she continued to rave, and would have died from exhaustion before this, had not chloroform been administered to keep her quiet. It was found necessary, too, to bind her to the floor, else she would have taken her own life, leaped out of the window, or done any thing desperate. The physicians who saw her say they never before beheld so violent a maniac. It is pitiable to observe this young and beautiful woman, just in the spring of life, suffering—and how intensely she must suffer—all the horrors of madness, because of a generous and absorbing passion, which might and should have made her happiness on earth. She will be sent to the Lick Run Lunatic Asylum.

A BLACK REPUBLICAN MARE.

Rumor says that several republican jackasses have been seen in New England; but the following anecdote would seem to show that the nobler animal—the horse—is occasionally infected with the same principles.

The *quidnuncs* have been quite merry for a few days, over a funny incident which happened to ex-President Pierce, in Salem (Mass.), last week. When the distinguished gentleman came here to call upon his friend Dr. Loring, he went to one of the livery stables, to procure a team to take him over to the doctor's farm. He was accordingly furnished with one of the best animals in the stable, and, jumping into the vehicle, gathered up the reins for a fair start. The mare, however, as the story goes, which had never before manifested any obstinacy or viciousness, or ill temper, happening to look around, on getting into the street, and to see that Frank Pierce was in the vehicle, determined that the ex-President was too great a load for her to carry, and stubbornly refused to budge an inch. No persuasion or force could induce her to start, and she was actually taken back to the stable and another animal substituted. By a singular coincidence the mare has always been known by the name of Topsy.

But this is not the end of Topsy's performances. Shortly after this occurrence a young republican wanted a horse for a short tour around the city, and the same mare being given to him, she started off kindly, without any show of repugnance. But, upon her return, being delivered to a Custom-house officer, who desired to follow in the track of the ex-President to the doctor's farm, she again stubbornly refused to go, but made not the least objection to the republican, who once more tried her temper. Topsy's sagacity is now established beyond all question. The Lady Jane Charmer is the name of the animal which considered it honor enough to be driven by ex-President Pierce.

A SAD WEDDING SCENE.

Some time since six young gentlemen bid farewell to the lasses who had won their hearts amidst Scotia's blooming heather, and sought the shores of America, in hope of being enabled the better to prepare for wedded life. They located at Chicago, where the remembrance of their "bonnie Annie Lauries" inspired them to unusual and persevering exertions, till fortune at last so favored them that they sent home to Scotland the information that they were now anxious to see their betrothed, and accompanied the message with a goodly remittance to pay their passage. The girls, for mutual protection and society, came over the ocean in the same vessel, and arrived in safety at Quebec. Thence they embarked with several hundred other emigrants on a river steamer, to continue their journey down the St. Lawrence. That steamer was the ill-fated *Montreal*; and of the six betrothed maidens five found either fiery or watery graves. The sixth, Miss Jeannette Pettigrew, was taken up for drowned, and only by faithful and persistent attention was her life saved. All her worldly possessions were gone, but kind-hearted women at Montreal supplied her abundantly when they heard her affecting story. Eventually she reached her destination; and in a late number of the Chicago *Tribune* there is chronicled the marriage of Mr. Adam Tate, of Chicago, to Miss Jeannette Pettigrew. He alone reaped the reward of his long exertions; and at the wedding there were present two of the other five young men, whose feelings, when they contrasted the happiness of their friend with their own bereaved condition, must have been sad indeed.

A LADYLIKE GENTLEMAN.

Some time ago, it will be remembered, a singular case came up in the Richmond (Virginia) courts, in which a young man named Lipscomb sued another young man named Thomas Linton for breach of promise.

Linton, it seems, was of such remarkably feminine appearance that his friends easily persuaded Lipscomb that he was a female in disguise, and so enamored did he become of Linton as to ask and receive a promise of marriage, which of course the latter was unable to fulfill. But on attempting to explain why he could not "come to time," the fond "lovyer" wouldn't believe a word of it, and full in the belief that his inamorata was a woman and nothing shorter, he sued for breach of promise. The case created no little excitement in Richmond.

An examination by physicians was ordered by the court, so that there should be no possibility of mistake.

and they reported that Linton was undoubtedly a man; so Lipscomb lost both his lady-love and his lawsuit.

Linton has recently arrived in Washington, and such was his womanish appearance that suspicion was created as to his sex, and the Guards were about to arrest him, and would have done so but for the interference of a person who knew the young man. The other night Linton again got into trouble, through falling into the hands of a party of young men who believed him to be sailing under false colors, and were about to have an examination to test the matter. A gentleman cognizant of the history of Linton happened to be present, and upon his representation Linton was set free.

Feminine beauty would seem to be any thing but a desirable gift for a man.

THE BROKER'S DOG.

A certain broker had a dog, remarkable for its intelligence. Every Saturday morning the dog received from its master a dollar bill, which it carried carefully to market, and with which it paid its meat bill for the week. One day, through press of business, the broker neglected to give Bepo his customary allowance, and through street and warehouse, mart and exchange, the dog followed his master, who wondered at such unusual attendance. At last, snugly ensconced in his office chair, the broker had time to recollect the cause of honest Bepo's pertinacity, and, carefully taking a bill from his pocket, he threw it at the dog, expecting to see him depart as usual. But to his surprise and annoyance the dog, placing his fore paw upon the note, gave four sharp barks in rapid succession, and continued this interesting performance until his master angrily snatched up the note, and found the cause of the noise explained—*the bill was discounted at four per cent.!*

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT has been very busy. Mr. Roebuck moved the following resolutions by way of censure on the Government:

"*Resolved*, That the war with Persia was declared, prosecuted, and conducted without such transactions being communicated to Parliament, while expensive armaments were equipped without the sanction of a vote of the House.

"*Resolved*, That it is the opinion of the House that such conduct tends to weaken its just authority, and to dispense with its control over the finances of the country, and renders it necessary for the House to express its strong reprobation of such a course of proceeding."

The motion was lost by a vote of 38 to 352.

Lord Palmerston, in reply to Mr. Griffiths, repeated his objections to the construction of the Suez Ship Canal, financially, and warned British capitalists to hold themselves aloof from such an undertaking.

Mr. Griffiths gave notice of a resolution that no hostile steps ought to be taken by Government with regard to the execution of the Suez Canal.

Colonel Lindsay moved an address to the Crown for copies of Secretary Marcy's letter to the French Government, in answer to the resolution of the Paris Conference, on the subject of privateering. Lord Palmerston said that it was not usual for Government to produce correspondence between two independent Governments. Secretary Marcy's letter to the French Government was not officially in the hands of the British Government, and could not be produced. The communication of the American to the French Government had been made by the last Government of the United States; but the present Administration had intimated that they did not wish for an answer to it, and under those circumstances the House would feel that the question could not be discussed properly. He therefore hoped it would not be passed. Lord John Russell thought the Government could make a statement of the grounds upon which the declaration had been entered into. He was afraid the consequences would be very serious, but England was bound to them now. Sir Charles Napier thought the engagement could not be broken, and would necessitate the blockading of every port of the enemy. The motion was withdrawn.

After a spicy debate upon the merits of that and the India and Chinese proceedings, Lord John Russell asked, but failed to get the Government to give up a day for the consideration of a new bill he proposed to introduce, providing for the admission of Jews to Parliament. He then asked leave to bring in a bill on the subject, but after a protracted and noisy debate the House adjourned without taking action. In the House of Commons Mr. Dillwin gave notice of a motion that the Clerk of the House, in administering the oath to members, be authorized to omit from the oath of abjuration the words: "on the true faith of a Christian."

In the House of Lords, Lord Brougham brought forward his motion for an address to the Queen, praying her to discountenance all measures tending to promote the slave-trade. In a powerful speech he pointed out the serious consequences likely to ensue from the importation of free Africans into the French Colonies, and was sure it was only necessary to call the attention of the French Government to the subject to induce them to abandon the policy. Lord Clarendon fully indorsed Lord Brougham's sentiments, saying that if it turned out that the slave-trade was to be revived, the Government would not hesitate to use the power vested in it to stop it. The address was then agreed to. On motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the House voted half a million on account of the Persian War.

The Lords have thrown out the Jew Bill.

CURIOUS FRACAS IN THE LORDS.

The rules respecting proxies led to a curious scene in the House of Lords on the division on the Jew Bill:

The rule is, that when the proxies are being taken no peer is to leave his seat, but as the proxies are called *seriatim* by the clerk at the table from the book in which they are entered, the peer to whom the proxy is given rises uncovered, and says content, or non-content. Usually, instead of rising, the peer simply takes off his hat. On that occasion one of the peers gave his proxy vote while standing below the bar. The vote was instantly objected to, on the ground that the peer in question was technically not in the House. Hereupon a discussion arose, which had the drollest possible effect upon the spectators, inasmuch as the peers were supposed to be glued to their seats, all motion being contrary to the rules of the House. They all spoke sitting, some with their hats on, half a dozen at a time, and each, to make himself heard, had to raise his voice to a pitch most unusual in that solemn assembly. Lord Campbell commenced questioning the delinquent peer, "Where were you?—were you in the House?" all this sitting, and across the floor, and we know not how many peers speaking at the same time. On this the voice of the Duke of Buccleugh is heard thundering across the House, protesting against one peer being called in question by another peer. Some one quoted the House of Commons. Lord Westmeath thunders out, protesting against being governed by the precedents of the House of Commons. Their lordships must stand on their own bottom. Lord Granville quietly remarked that they should at least be governed by common-sense. Lord Clanricarde, to settle the question, tries to get at a book; but as he, like the rest, is supposed to be glued to his seat, he had to make a furious rush to the table and back again for the purpose. Lord Campbell again commences questioning—Lord Redesdale expounding the law—Lord Salisbury explaining where the peer was, and the peer himself laughing and explaining nothing—all in the same autocratic fashion, as if they were afraid that even their lips should be seen to move. This droll spectacle ended by the vote being admitted.

COURT FESTIVITIES.

A London correspondent writes: "The Court of St. James is again very gay. We have the King of the Belgians, with the Count of Flanders and the Princess Charlotte, and the Prince Frederick William of Prussia. We have had reviews by way of amusements, in which her Majesty takes immense delight. Yesterday the Queen gave a state ball at Buckingham Palace to the *élite* of society now in London. There were present Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Sophia Dallas, Mr. Philip Dallas, and Mr. Moran; Miss Cecilia Campbell, of South Carolina; Miss Isabella Croskey, of Philadelphia; Mr. Rudolf Coolidge, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Pruyn, of New York, and Mr. Cornelius Grinnell."

PROGRESS OF THE TELEGRAPH CABLE.

At a banquet given by the American Chamber of Commerce at Liverpool, on the evening of the 11th ult., to the officers of the United States frigates *Niagara* and *Susquehanna*, Mr. C. T. Bright, engineer of the company, reported that eight hundred miles of the telegraph cable were safely coiled on board the *Agamemnon*, at Greenwich, and six hundred on board the *Niagara*, in the Mersey. The manufacture of the twenty-five hundred miles was completed, and he saw no reason why they should not meet together at Cork before the end of the month, so as to commence actual operations early in August, the best period for the undertaking. The announcement was received with loud cheers.

THACKERAY AT OXFORD.

Mr. Thackeray is contesting the city of Oxford. The following is his first speech to the electors:

"To bespeak your praise, being so little known to any of you at this moment, would be idle; even to say that I possess the power of eloquence—which I wish to Heaven that I had—would be vain, for I shall break down very likely in a sentence or two, and you will have to moralize on the strange fact that a gentleman who can spin off sentence after sentence in his study is hard put to it to find words when he is on his legs. (Laughter and cheers.) I go with all my heart and soul for the adoption of the ballot (Hear and cheers), and I desire with the utmost of my power the extension of the suffrage. (Cheers.) I do not say for one moment I mean universal suffrage, because those of you who have read the papers have seen how universal suffrage obtains in a neighboring country. With respect to triennial parliaments, if the people are for it I am ready to follow the popular behest. I do not see, for my own part, how any great good can arise from them. It does not seem to me that, if a perpetually recurring system of election was practiced, it would be conducive of much good. Some time ago I had to say a few words about political matters at a dinner in Edinburgh, to which I was invited, and I got a good deal of ill-will in certain very genteel quarters in London when I returned, because I said at that dinner that those gentlemen with handles to their names, that the members of great aristocratic families, had a very great share of public patronage and government, and that, for my part, I heartily desired that men of the people—the working men and educated men of the people—should have a share in the government. I instanced the case of the American minister who was then wanting—the government appointed a lord; a minister of China was then wanting, and the selection lay between a duke and an earl. Great outcries were made against me when I went back, and people said, 'Why do you sneer against Duke A., Lord B., and Earl C.? Why do you speak against men whom you know to be perfectly honorable and able?' I did not sneer in the least against Lord Elgin, who was appointed embassador to China, or Lord Napier, the recently appointed American minister, because, at that time, few men more honorable, eloquent, able, or experienced, could be found. What I complained of was, that we were obliged to go to the aristocracy when we were in need of officers. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) There is never any chance for a man of the people to step forward; there seems a sort of absolute necessity that when Lord Palmerston goes out of office Lord John must come in, and when Lord John jumps out of the boat Lord Palmerston must come in and pull stroke oar again. (Laughter and cheers.) Are there not prudent, intelligent men, whose services the country might profit by, but who have no chance to gratify the legitimate object of their ambition, so that an eternal change of the great aristocratic families seems intended to go on forever? Will it be your will and pleasure that this state of things should continue? (Loud cries of 'No! no!') If not, introduce into the House of Commons men of popular intelligence—the best men that you can bring into it. The popular influence must be brought to bear on the present government of the country; if they flinch, remind them that the people are outside, and want more and more."

THE PICTURES OF THE RESOLUTE.

A London correspondent says: "Mr. Simpson's picture of 'The Restoration of the Arctic Ship *Resolute*' was sent to Buckingham Palace on Monday last for the inspection of her Majesty and the Prince Consort. The painting was kept at the Palace for three days, and is now on private view at the publishers, Messrs. Colnaghi, in Pall Mall East. A few words upon it, now that it is finished, may not be out of place. Mr. Simpson has produced a fine picture, which will well sustain his fame. The coloring is good—subdued rather than gaudy. Indeed, I could almost say that this was carried to a fault. The grouping is natural and, therefore, effective. There is no straining after effect, but all the 'accessories' are just what they should be, the eye being nowhere offended. One thing is a misfortune to the picture, and that is that the Queen and family happening to have been in mourning at the time, and forming, as they do, the principal and most prominent group, the black satin dresses, trimmed with crape and sable fur, throw a sombre air around the scene which would not have existed had her Majesty and her ladies been attired as usual. This may, and doubtless will, be much modified by the engraver, who will have the power to lighten the drapery a little. The likenesses are really excellent—more particularly those of the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Princess Royal. The figure of Admiral Seymour is the most prominent of all, and is well put in. Captain Hartstein looks rather stiff, being painted in the act of making a genuflexion, a very awkward position to stand for one's portrait. Mr. J. R. Croskey's is also a good likeness. However, I will not trouble you with too much concerning this picture, because you will very shortly have an opportunity of judging of it for yourself. The engraving is intrusted to Mr. George Zobel, an artist of high reputation, who has already commenced his labors. In about three months I shall be able to show any gentleman interested in its progress, who will call at my chambers, one of the first etching proofs, and by the beginning of the year the prints will be issued to the public. In the meantime Messrs. Colnaghi will arrange to send the picture to New York for exhibition. You may expect it about September."

THE QUEEN OF OUDE AT COURT.

The *Court Journal* says: "On the presentation of this princess with her son and grandson, nothing could be more gracious than the welcome given by our Queen. The Queen of Oude left Harley House in great state—her Indian crown being placed in the carriage. It is a lofty coroneted cap, in form something like the coronets of our peers, only higher and rounder at the top, and, instead of velvet, is a mass of gold tissue ornamented with jewels. On the top of the cap are placed some extraordinary silver ornaments, which sway and jingle about with every movement, producing a sound like a number of silver bells. From the rim of the crown depends the vail, which is really two curtains of gold and colored tissue that meet over the face and then pass down each shoulder. The Queen of Oude wore a robe of gold tissue, pendant from her shoulders, which was borne by a Hindoo lady in waiting, who alone was permitted to enter the carriage with her. The Queen's dress was a blaze of eastern magnificence, but she has adopted European fashions sufficiently to indulge in the finest silk stockings, though they were ornamented with gold anklets. Her female attendant was remarkable for the absence of gold and jewels, wearing a plain Indian dress, with large red stripes. The Queen, whose name and style is 'Jenabi Aulcah Mootalcah Nawab Taj aura Begum Saheb,' was attended by a numerous suite, including Mohummud Joorut Allie Khan Bahadoor, the Nawab Nazir or Chief Eunuch, Ialeezood Dowlah Bahadoor, an A.D.C., Nawah Mehdee Koollie Khan Bahadoor, a great grandson of Nadir Shah, a chamberlain, a physician, a secretary, a diplomatic agent, and several other officers. The dresses of the Princess of Oude are, doubtless, familiar to most of our metropolitan readers. They each wore the same sort of high coronet cap of gold, and jewels, but ornamented with a few small feathers, and without the silver ornaments peculiar to the crown of the Queen. The young prince was magnificently decorated with jewels—the dress itself being composed of cloth of gold. The Oudians still delight in calling this prince the 'Heir Apparent,' and his name and style are 'Wullee Auhad Mirza Mohummud Hamid Allie Bahadoor.' His uncle, the elder prince, is called 'Mirza Sikundar Hushmut Jawaad Allie Bahadoor.'"

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL FOR INDIA.

The organ of the Horse Guards states: "It was on Saturday only that the Government received intelligence of the death of General Anson, who appears to have been struck down by cholera—at Kurnaul, says one account, at Umbullah, says another—while hastening to the scene of action. General Sir Henry Somerset is the officer next in seniority to General Anson, and he will therefore assume the acting command until the arrival of instructions from England. On Saturday afternoon only was the post offered to Sir Colin, with the question, 'How soon could he start?' Most men would have considered that 'next mail' would have been a prompt and satisfactory answer. Sir Colin Campbell, to his honor, with the simplicity and ardor of a true hero, replied, 'To-morrow morning! Stop the Marseilles boat and I'll catch her, and I can get all I want in Calcutta as well as in London.' The gallant veteran therefore left on Sunday evening for the scene of former triumphs, where, under Sir C. Napier, in command of a brigade, he took part in that immortal Scinde campaign, one of the most brilliant achievements of our Indian military history."

COST OF MADELEINE SMITH'S DEFENSE.

Madeleine Smith's father refuses to see her, and ere this she has left for a foreign land. The defense has cost somewhere about £4000. A greater sum than that was subscribed for the purpose by a few of the leading Glasgow merchants. One old bachelor, a relative and namesake of the junior member for the city, put down a thousand pounds as his own share. The Messrs. Holdsworth, to which firm William Minnoch belongs, were, it is said, willing to give the same measure of assistance; so were the wealthy family of the Bairds, and a rich uncle of the prisoner, from whom she has "expectations." The Dean of Faculty's fee was £250, and a "refresher" of £50 every morning of the trial. Mr. Young, who was associated with the Dean in the defense, received £400 altogether.

FRANCE.

CONSOLATIONS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The *Moniteur* thus consoles the Emperor under his recent check:

"These discussions can not be better closed than by the following table:

"'*December* 10, 1848.—*Vote for the Presidency.*

"'Inscribed, 9,977,452; voters, 7,440,471; for Prince Napoleon, 5,534,520; for other candidates, 1,879,298; votes lost, 12,434.

"'*December* 20, 1851.—*Vote on the Decree of the 2d of December.*

"'Inscribed, 9,833,576; voters, 8,116,773; for, 7,439,216; against, 640,737; votes lost, 36,820.

"'*November* 21 *and* 22, 1852.—*Proclamation of the Empire.*

"'Inscribed, 9,833,576; voters, 8,140,660; for, 7,824,189; against, 253,145; null, 63,326.

"'1852.—*Legislative Election.*

"'Inscribed, 9,836,043; voters, 6,222,983; for Government, 5,218,602; for the Opposition, 810,962; null and votes lost, 193,419.

"'1857.—*Legislative Election.*

"'Inscribed, 9,495,955; voters, 6,136,664; for the Government, 6,471,888; for the Opposition, 571,859; null and votes lost, 92,917.'

"These five great manifestations of universal suffrage are significant. The successive comparison of these figures must fully satisfy the friends of public peace, and all who feel how important it is for the glory and prosperity of France to have a strong and popular Government.

"During the course of eight years, the number of dissentients, instead of increasing, has diminished; the clamor which they were allowed the liberty to make during the recent elections has neither augmented their numbers nor masked their impotence.

"France, which has now judged them five times, has not changed her opinion."

THE LAST CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE EMPEROR.

The conspiracy which has been discovered in Paris is described as the most serious of any that we have as yet any knowledge of, both from the character of the individuals concerned, the extent of its ramifications, and the object proposed. That it was connected with the late insurrection in various parts of Italy there appears little doubt, and the first act of the great tragedy, of which a great part of Southern Europe was to be the theatre, was destined for Paris. It appears that documentary evidence of the most telling kind is in possession of the authorities. A mass of correspondence exchanged between Paris, London, and other parts has been seized, showing that during the French elections the Emperor Napoleon was to be assassinated, and most of the letters closed with the words, "*Frappez—frappez—frappez*," as the speeches of Cato in the Roman Senate, with "*Delenda est Carthago.*" A chosen band of ten or twelve persons was to take the first favorable opportunity of stabbing the Emperor; and, in order to make sure of the effect, the poniards were steeped in poison. The members of a Provisional Government were already named, and were prepared, when the deed was done, to seize the reins of power, and to proclaim the Revolution, with all its terrible consequences, all over Southern Europe. The names of those who were to take part in this movement are mentioned. The French Government became aware of the plot on the 10th of June, a day or two before the arrests took place. Information was given to the Sardinian Government of what was to take place at Genoa, as also of the presence of Mazzini in that city. Why the Sardinian Government did not adopt timely measures to protect the forts against a *coup de main*, or why Mazzini himself was not arrested, remains without satisfactory explanation.

The persons in custody on this serious charge are about twenty in number: they will be tried at the assizes of the department of the Seine, and the authorities appear convinced that the evidence in their possession is of such a nature as to leave no doubt of the guilt of the accused. It is further said that the plot had ramifications in Spain, and that the late disturbances which have lately occurred on various points of that kingdom are part and parcel of it. A part of Mazzini's correspondence, in cipher, has been found at Leghorn, with a list of subscribers to his loan. The list, which has been very recently drawn up, contains, it is said, the names of persons belonging to various classes of society.

MADAME RACHEL'S HEALTH.

Anxiety reigns among the friends of Mademoiselle Rachel. It has been reported that the illustrious tragedienne had given in her resignation at the Theatre Français, and there was no longer any hope of preserving to the tragic art her precious life. It is true that Mademoiselle Rachel's health is yet precarious, and calculated to inspire the most lively inquietude of her friends; but it is not true that she has resigned her position at the Government Theatre, nor that the Administration has withdrawn her annual salary of 42,000 francs, nor yet that she has renounced all hopes of eventually appearing before the public. Since her return to Paris, Mademoiselle Rachel has been living at Montmorency, till a day or two ago, when she took up her residence in her hotel in the Rue Trudon. She lives quietly, sees but a few of her most intimate friends, and still avows a strong faith in the restoration of her health. Her future movements will depend upon the condition of her health during the next two or three months. Her Egyptian experiment has lost all of its novelty, and she will certainly not return there this winter unless forced to go by medical advice. Mademoiselle Rachel does not contradict the frequent rumors of an erroneous character that appear on her account, because she does not even read the journals. So she says.

INDIA.

THE MASSACRE AT DELHI.

The following account of the massacre is from an eye-witness:

"On the morning of the 11th of May, a party of the 3d Light Cavalry, variously stated at from 25 to 250, made their appearance at Delhi. They had come over from Meerut during the night, and were evidently prepared to perpetrate the most awful crimes, as they were fully armed, and apparently wild with rage and excitement. They entered the Calcutta-gate without opposition from any of the police, and made their way directly toward Deriowgunge, shooting down in their progress all Europeans they met with. Among the first victims were Mr. Simon Fraser, the Governor-General's agent, Captain Douglas, his assistant, and Mr. R. Nixon, chief clerk in their office. Notice was immediately sent to the Brigadier, and a regiment (the 54th N. N.) with two guns from De Teissier's Battery was sent down. The 54th marched through the Cashmere-gate in good order, but on the approach of some of the Sowars the Sepoys rushed suddenly to the side of the road, leaving their officers in the middle of the road, upon whom the troopers immediately came at a gallop, and, one after the other, shot them down.

THE WORK OF DEVASTATION.

"'Throughout the whole of this cruel business the goojurs appear to have been most active in the work of devastation. Houses were burned and property stolen and destroyed by them in the most wanton manner. Bands of them were lying in waiting after nightfall all along the line of road 20 miles out of Delhi, on the watch for the refugees, some of whom were molested and would have been robbed, and perhaps murdered, had not decisive measures been adopted. Mr. Wagentreiber (and family) flying for bare life in his own carriage, was attacked five times, his wife receiving some severe blows from iron-bound lathees, and himself a sword-cut on the arm and a blow on the back of the neck from a lathee. But they contrived to evade them all by firmness and judgment, shooting four and wounding two of the ruffians in self-defense, and eventually making good their retreat to Kurnaul.'

"The escape of Sir T. Metcalfe was most providential. After being three days in Delhi after the outbreak he escaped into the jungles, hiding wherever he could, and at length, after ten days, found his way to Hansee.

"Several Europeans (said to number 48) were taken to the Palace, or perhaps went there for protection—these were taken care of by the King of Delhi; but the Sowars of the 3d Cavalry, whose thirst for European blood had not been quenched, rested not till they were all given up to them, when they murdered them one by one in cool blood.

"The troopers are said later in the day to have pointed to their legs before they murdered their victims, and called attention to the marks of their manacles, asking if they were not justified in what they were doing. This may or may not be the case, but it is certain that the severe sentence on the mutineers of the 3d Cavalry was the immediate cause of the Meerut massacre, which preceded that at Delhi by only a few hours. In both stations the people of the city and Bazaar appear to have been very active, and to have aided the mutineers in their bloody work."

THE OUTBREAK AT MEERUT.

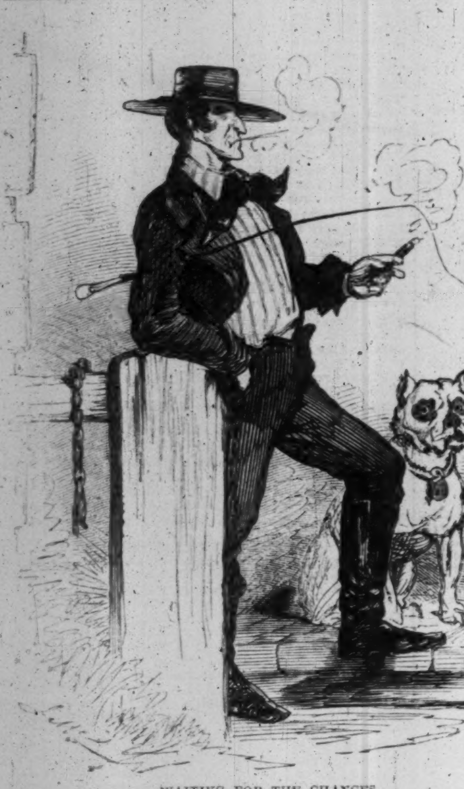
One of the British officers thus describes the massacre at Meerut: "On Sunday, the 10th, between five and six o'clock in the evening, I was in my bungalow, when, as I was dressing, my attention was attracted to my servants and those in the neighboring compounds, going down toward the front of our inclosures, and looking steadily into the lines of the 11th, whence a buzzing, murmuring noise proceeded, such as I have often heard in cases of fire, or some such alarm. I had scarcely got to the gate, when I heard the popping sound of fire-arms, which I knew at once were loaded with ball-cartridge, and a European non-commissioned officer came running with others toward me, from the 11th lines, saying, 'For God's sake, Sir, leave! come to your bungalow; change that dress, and fly!' I walked into my bungalow, and was doffing my uniform, the bullets by this time flying out of the 11th lines into my compound, when the havildar-major of the 11th rushed into the room, terrified and breathless, and exclaimed, 'Fly, sahib—fly at once! the regiments are in open mutiny, and firing on their officers, and Colonel Finnis has just been shot in my arms!' It was evidently becoming serious. I came out, and ordered my horse to be saddled and brought up, my servants still begging of me to fly for my life. I mounted. The lines of the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabineers) lie to the north of my bungalow, separated by a rugged and barren plain, cut up by nullahs and ravines, upon which, riding out of the back part of my compound, I descended. A Briton does not like actually 'running away' under any circumstances, and I was riding slowly through the uneven ground, when the havildar-major beforementioned exclaimed, 'You, sahib, are mounted and can make haste; ride to the European cavalry lines, and give the alarm!' Good; I galloped off, crossed the difficult ground all right, got into the cavalry lines, and made for the colonel's house, which he had just left, and found him in the barrack lines on horseback, ordering the dragoons to saddle, arm, and mount without a moment's delay. Here I shall leave the dragoons and myself, and return to the Native Infantry parade-ground, and the commencement of the mutiny and massacres.

"About five o'clock the 20th Native Infantry and the 3d Light Cavalry rushed form their lines, armed and furious; the former regiment firing off their muskets, approaching the 11th Native Infantry, and calling upon them to arm, come out, and join them. I believe the 11th hesitated at first—cause unknown; but presently they, too, armed and rushed out, and the mutinous fuel took flame. About this time Colonel Finnis and several other officers of the 11th Native Infantry came upon the parade, and commenced haranguing the Sepoys, and attempted to pacify them, and bring them to order, when the colonel's horse was wounded by a bullet fired by the 20th. On this he saw that the matter was more serious than he had wished to believe; and one of his officers asking him if he should ride off to the brigade-major, ask for aid, and give the alarm, he consented. This is the last time he was seen alive by European eyes, for immediately afterward he was shot in the back by a Sepoy."

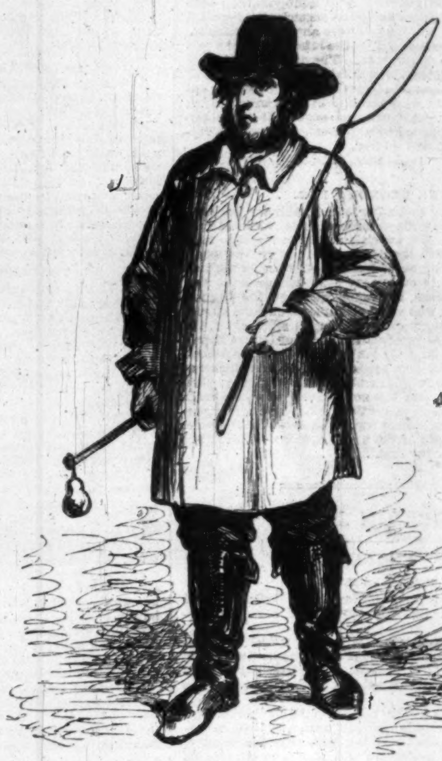
PROGRESS OF AFFAIRS AT MEERUT.

"Since the mutiny and flight of the native portion of its garrison, the cantonment of Meerut has been free from alarms. Several prisoners proved to have been concerned in the murders have been hanged—on one evening six, on the next five. The revolted soldiery, for the most part, proceeded at once to Delhi. Detached parties, however, mainly belonging, as it would appear, to the 3d Cavalry, spread themselves over the country, with the intention, as subsequent prisoners averred, of going quietly to their homes if unopposed. The fact that bodies of these men were abroad was generally known, and naturally produced much alarm. In one case the panic combined with hasty flight to cause the death of a young lady, wife of an officer holding a high appointment at Hauppor, near Meerut, who was at the time in a delicate state of health. Mr. Daniell, assistant magistrate, received a pistol-shot in the face, which broke the lower jaw. Another party, six or seven in number, were cut up at Etawah. It was a party of the 9th Native Infantry by whom the wandering troopers were destroyed. Its head-quarters were Alyghur, where a spy was caught, and there were detachments at Mynpoorie, Etawah, and Bolundshuhur. The execution of this spy, who was a Brahmin, was too much for the company at the last-named station. They marched down to Alyghur, upbraided their comrades there, and ended in exciting them to open mutiny. The other detachments followed the example of the head-quarters. Unlike the regiments of Meerut and Delhi, however, the 9th did not attempt to molest their officers, but only politely dismissed them; but they plundered and burned at will, and drove the civilians before them, and then, uniting, marched off to swell the ranks of the mutineers in Delhi.

"The Rao or petty chief of Burtordee, near Alyghur, availed himself of the prevailing disorder to declare his independence, turning out Government officials, burning villages, exacting contributions, and establishing himself at Khyrr, as the seat of his new and extended sovereignty. His course was soon run. Mr. Watson, the magistrate at Alyghur, with a few troopers, caught the Rao, tried him by drum-head court-martial, found him guilty of rebellion, and hung him on the spot—a salutary example that will scarcely need to be repeated."



WAITING FOR THE CHANCES.



BRIGHTON DROVER.

CATTLE-FAIR DAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

Every nation has its commercial peculiarities, and each geometrical section of country, in a degree, possesses in this respect its own local characteristics. Paris boasts its *Bourse*—the leviathan stock-mart of France; Venice its *Rialto*—the famed "high 'Change" of Southern Europe; the market-days of London are as noted as are the November fogs of that huge metropolis; and "Cattle-fair day at Brighton," Massachusetts, has long since, by universal assent, passed into "an institution" in New England.

Once a week throughout the year, in storm or sunshine, a motley multitude gather at this point, and from break of day to sunset on these occasions, the hours at Brighton are passed amidst a continuous murmur of bargaining for every description of live stock—cattle, sheep, swine, or poultry—varied by the not unfrequent disposal of ancient horses, decayed wagons, worn-out (or stolen) harnesses, dilapidated butchers'-carts, and the like, at public vendue, or by private negotiation, the purchasers of the numerous "outside" articles of traffic there most commonly coming off decidedly second-best in the trade thus consummated.

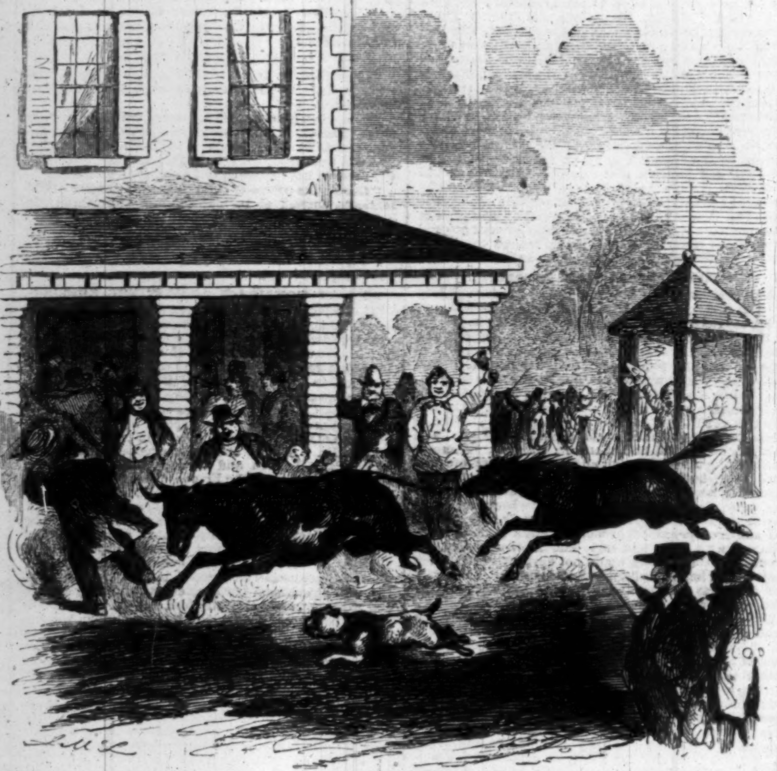
For a long series of years these weekly cattle-fairs have been held in this thriving town, which is largely indebted to their establishment and continuance there for its present state of prosperity. The contributions which serve to make up the vast aggregate of live stock which finds its way thither upon every Thursday through each succeeding twelvemonth, are driven in from every section of New England, but principally from Maine, New Hampshire, and from along the valley of the Connecticut River. Thousands of cattle, fat and lean—immense flocks of sheep, good and bad—myriads of porkers, large and small—and hundreds of horses, indifferent or miserable—pass here finally, every year, from the hands of those who raise the stock, or who "forestall" the purchase of it in quantities, into possession of the dealers of smaller calibre, who in turn job the animals in pairs or dozens to the retailer, or fit them for the shambles.

The *horses* offered for sale in this mart, are usually in the most wretched condition, physically and mentally—of the thoroughly demented "pelter" description, and are traded in chiefly by the lower grade of tip-cart "jhintilmen," who seldom embarrass their finances by the investment of more than "two-an'-a-quarther" dollars in any single specimen, unless the animal may chance to have been newly shod within three months previously, or the "harlter goes wid the baist"—two provisions which but rarely occur among that fraternity in their horse-trades at Brighton.

The congregation of purchasers in this market weekly is varied and curious. Among the crowd at the earliest hours, and most prominent from his position and large means, may be seen the forestaller from Quincy Market; who, as every frequenter of Brighton knows, is prone to buy largely and briskly, who always comes into town with a plethoric pocket-book, whose smile or frown is of material consequence to the vendors, and who takes precedence in his selections. Near by follows the professional slaughterer, a jolly individual, whose countenance is shiningly clean and very red, with a wallet also well puffed out and excessively greasy; but every body is aware that his balance in bank is ample too, and he readily takes the "second cut." Then appears the stray "middle-man," who picks up the best bargains he can get at. He is succeeded by the smaller butcher in turn, and so on.

An hour or two later may be observed a well-attired man, of sombre dress and mien, who moves about somewhat mournfully through the mingled throng, nodding merely to one or another, but ever chary, watchful, or moody in his demeanor, as he passes slowly around. He is one of the Brighton "humanitarians," and will cheerfully loan any "good" man a small sum of the ready, upon call, at a *reasonable* per-centage, although "the fact is, money is very tight," whenever said good man may happen to find himself "short." If you do not want his aid, it is all the same thing to him. There is no compulsion. Happy to accommodate you another time. But money is money.

Here and there the shrewd Hibernian and the sharper Yankee chaffer together glibly over their miniature transactions; the patient cow-boy at the corner unobtrusively awaits a customer for his cosset three-year-old heifer, with her first-born beside her; a loquacious Vermonter beyond him, continuously urges upon the notice of the passer-by the superior excellence of his twain of steers, which he is bound to get rid of before night; the blear-eyed jockey by the road-side informs you for the fiftieth time that if you are in search of a horse as *is* a horse, he is ready to accommodate you with a tip-top trade; the belated drover comes yelling along behind his jaded herd of fat cattle, jostling the crowd and tumbling the orange-women right and left, *en route* to the pre-engaged fold which he failed to reach at an earlier hour; the wiry-voiced auctioneer over the way keeps up his incessant shout of "Going, gentlemen; going!" though few in the great multitude seem to care a whit who or what is being thus disposed of, inasmuch as every thing around them appears to be emphatically "going;" the latticed wagons with their broods of unctuous Suffolk piglings, nestled cosily among the clean straw-heaps, are ranged along the way, while from the open pens directly behind them may be heard the mellifluous voices of a score of neglected native grunters, whose bones are barely covered with skin and bristles—the two porcine collections furnishing a striking illustration of substance and shadow; the herdsmen, and shepherds, and swine-drovers, hurry to and fro continually; the shouts of anxious men and noisy boys, the lowing of the uneasy cattle, the bleating of the weary-footed sheep, the squealing of the worried pigs, the yelling of quarrelsome dogs, the thunder of ever-moving vehicles, the cries of the zealous peddlers, the neighing of hungered horses, all conspire to render this scene a continuous "Babel of strange sounds," such as one encounters at no place in this country save at Brighton—upon Cattle-fair day.

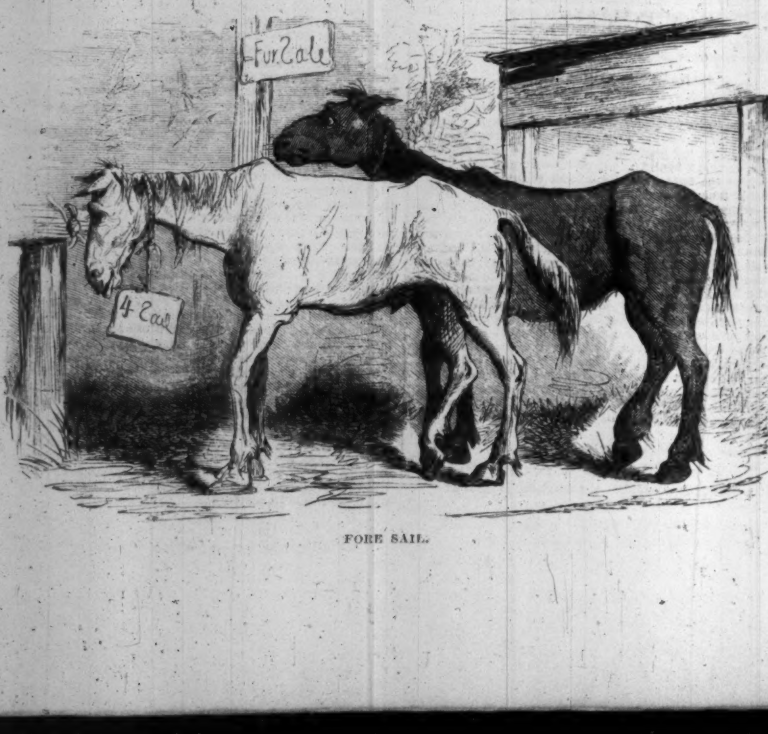


ENJOYING A BITE.

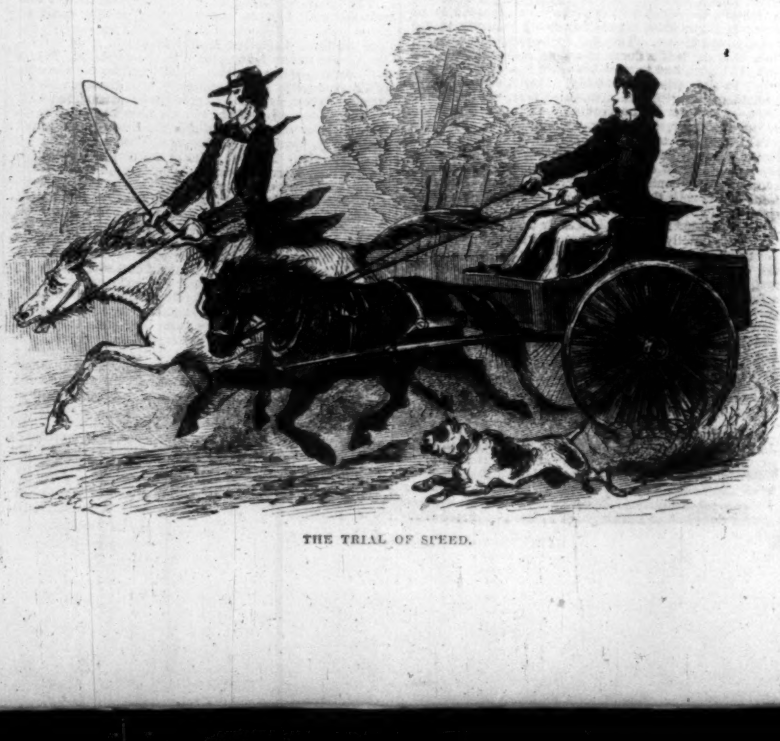
One feature of "melancholy interest" invariably attends upon the commerce of these weekly fairs. At a respectable distance from the main squares, occupied by the established folds and pens for cattle, but within sight of the hotel and moving crowd of visitors, may always be found a collection of cheap samples of living horse-*frames*—skeletons of worn-down and ruined animals, blind from old age, knock-kneed and toothless, starved, spavined, crippled, and sore, the veriest wrecks imaginable, huddled together in groups, oftentimes leaning against the fences near by or upon each other for temporary support—and brought hither by their merciless owners (who have previously goaded the very last jot of availability out of them), to be sold for the nominal value of their skins—more or less.

The traffickers in these unfortunate quadrupeds are uniformly proprietors of one-horse city gravel carts or offal wagons, a single team of this character, with harness to correspond, comprising the entire sum-total of the worldly possessions of this enterprising class of individuals. They are usually of foreign extraction by birth, and from their generally brief residence in this country prior to embarking in this peculiar species of commercial undertaking (as prosecuted at the Brighton fairs), they are hardly expected to be conversant with the exact orthography of Webster or Johnson. It is therefore not uncommon to learn that the valuable beasts of which they desire to become dispossessed are "Fur Sale," or "4 sail," or frequently "fore Sail;" the announcement being occasionally varied by the syllable-compound "Forsell," as is indicated by the "notis" written upon a patch of card or paper, and fastened to the nearest post, or to the halter that hangs about the lean and haggard necks of their overtasked and wretchedly worthless victims, as they stand in waiting for purchasers.

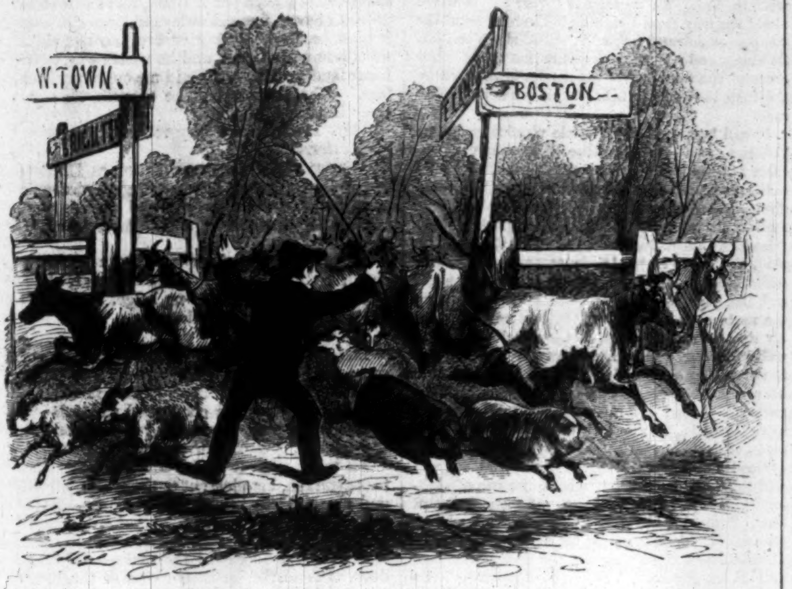
If you chance to be of a curious turn of mind, and venture an inquiry regarding the animal thus advertised, a son of Erin at your elbow instantly responds to your inquisitiveness, and you learn that the forlorn beast in which you have become interested is "a beutiful crathur, intirely—in häärness, or out—an'll worr'k the skin arf his boanes fer yez, wit'out wincin' at it." But, as his owner has "got troo wit' his jarb in the city," he will "paart wit 'im fer three dollars; an' not wan cint less, wit'out the harlter."



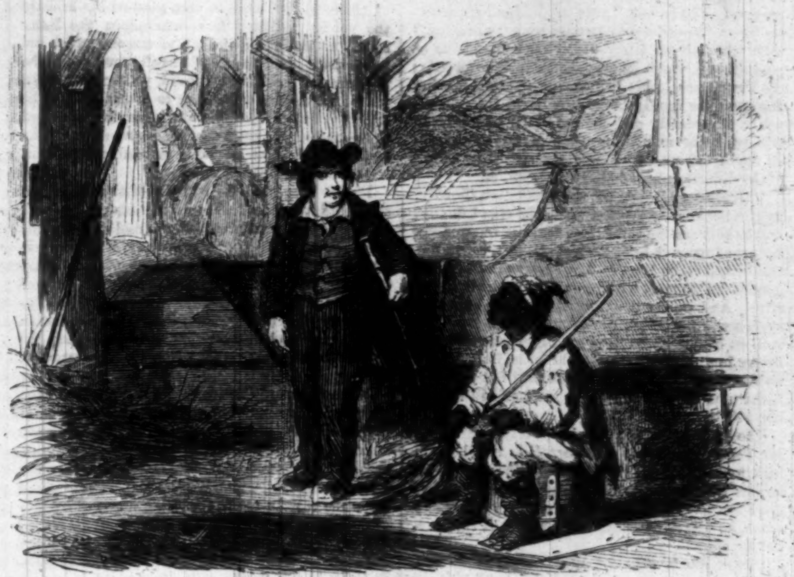
FORE SAIL.



THE TRIAL OF SPEED.



IN A QUANDARY—FOUR CORNERS.



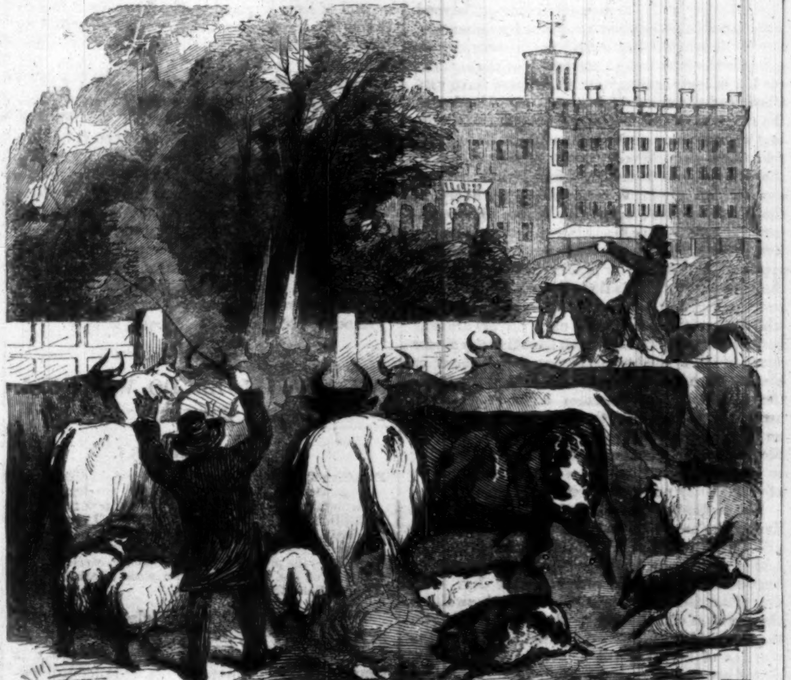
DROVER'S ASSISTANT AND STABLE-BOY

Three dollars is not a very large sum to pay for a horse, even without a halter, to be sure. But you naturally observe that "he is thin in flesh;" his owner, while admitting this fact, however, quickly assures you (though he has certainly never tried the experiment!) that "it's aisy enuff fattin' 'im, shure." When you discover that he is very old and decidedly lame, your Hibernian friend insists that "divil a bit o' harm is there in that at all." He has "druv 'im day an' night for siven lang months, an' shure his yairs an' his lame fut niver hurt 'im a hap'orth." Still, you do not wish to be "saddled" by this apology for a horse, and you ascertain that he has only one shoe left. His master consoles you with insisting that "it's aisy fixin' that at the smith's fornent ye." And when, as a 'dernier resort, you complain that the *price* is much too high, and move on, your Irish friend simply desires to know "What the divil the man expects to git in a horse at three dollars!"

Before night "the poor remains of beauty once admired" are deposited at the nearest slaughter-house, at a dollar and a half; and the days of the miserable hack are numbered at last.

The thorough-bred Yankee *drover* is part and parcel in the making-up of these weekly congregations at Brighton. His occupation is that of successive days of toil; and the vigorous prosecution of his calling, from its incessantly roving character, brings him largely into contact with all sorts of people. Your drover, therefore, is emphatically "a man of the world," in its everyday sense, and he most naturally sees "human natur" without glasses, as it exists, broadcast. He is a close observer of men and things, and, first of all, is a bold bargainer, by necessity. In his purchases, he is cautious, keen, and prudent, nevertheless—for his average margin of profits throughout the season is, at the best, but trivial; and he makes a little money go as far as possible in buying. In selling, he is fair and manly—for there be those above his grade in the trade, who are able to get nearer the wind than he can sail, ordinarily!—and is content with ready returns and moderate profits. "Quick in, quick out!" is the experienced drover's motto, for live stock must be fed; and after a certain point of stalling, the game is a losing one if the cattle remain on his hands.

In the American acceptation of the term, he is a clever fellow—frank in speech, quick in his perceptions of the right, and inclined to pass by rather than to quarrel over the wrong he may encounter. He is open-hearted and happy among his acquaintances; and, as to enemies, he seldom has any—for he finds it easy, as well as profitable, to make friends in his way—and he does not omit the opportunity. Inured to constant exercise and exposure out of doors, he is hale and rugged in health, stalwart in limb, and stout of heart. In linsey-woolsey frock, slouched hat, and cowhide boots, with steelyard upon his arm or shoulder, he traverses the rough hills of Vermont and New Hampshire, or threads the roads and by-ways that course through the Connecticut Valley, with one keen eye on the shrewd stock-raisers in those regions, and the other upon the daily price-current, which he consults with amazing regularity and care.



ARRIVAL AT BRIGHTON MARKET.

Having thus gathered his herd or flock, he approaches Brighton upon "market-day," confident that his toil will be compensated, as it certainly well deserves to be. Here he is esteemed for his apt business qualities, and no less for the goodness of his disposition; and, though educated in a rough school, and continually exposed to the harshest of weather, as well as other rude treatment in the course of his weary journeys in the saddle or afoot, his countenance is always cheerful, his manner of speech raw but becoming, and his general intercourse respectful. Your drover marries early, whistles admirably, works briskly, eats voraciously, sleeps soundly, deals honestly, and lives as happily as the average of human kind. He very rarely becomes rich—as his profession is the general "beating of the bush," while others carry off the bird. Without the drover's address, however, and the results of his widely extended labors, market-day at Brighton would present but a paltry show.

Another character inevitably to be met with, at this place, on these occasions, is worthy of mention—belonging to the *genus* "b'hoy." Though he aspires to compete with his more aristocratic namesake of the Bowery, in his habits and deportment, yet he simply apes the other, and does not possess the peculiar talent requisite to become a *Mose* or a *Sykesy*. He may be found (without the searching), upon every Thursday in the year, in and about the hotel, or lounging around the cattle-pens, on the look-out for a "job." He always wears a pleasant face, when employed, and is by no means to be flouted, for he is exceedingly useful, in his humble way. He will take charge of your horse, if you "ride up"—point out the lions to you, if you are a stranger—find you a customer, peradventure, if you have any thing to sell—show you the fastest crab out, if you wish to buy a nag—knows just exactly the gig you were looking for, if you name such a matter in his hearing—has a "jewel of a harness" to match, which he will sell extr'onerry low, *to you*—knows every body in town, from selectmen to hog-reeve, and every body knows him, except by name—has traveled the world over, and "run with the machine"—so he says—understands himself, and the crowd, and you, and the rest of mankind generally, to a dot—will do you any little favor of any kind nameable, at all times, for a very trifling consideration, and, if you are inclined, will "take a drop" (at your expense) and a cigar, more or less—just as often as may be agreeable to you, or any other "gen'leman."

Happy, careless fellow! He doesn't live any where, so he declares. He is "round about," here to-day, there to-morrow. He is the Brighton Fair locomoting *vade mecum*, and every body's *factotum*, for the nonce. Forever joking, laughing, rollicking—but with a constant eye to business upon market-days—for this is his weekly harvest-time. He sports a half-jockey, half stable-boy [illegible] corduroy or fustian, and an in[illegible] pink-striped calico shirt with Byronic col[illegible], the bosom of which is adorned with a trio of Attleborough studs. A brace of high-top boots, a white felt, with its narrow black band, and a short riding-whip, complete his costume.

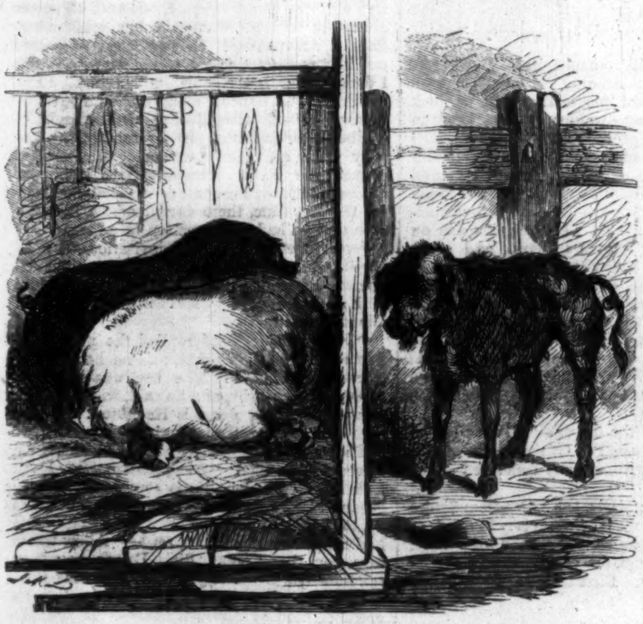
In all the "free fights," which will occur, occasionally, at such gatherings, this young gentleman "goes in" without an invitation; and is the frightful owner (undoubtedly) of the whitish-yellow dog, with one black eye and a most curiously constructed under-jaw, which attends him, whenever the pretty creature is not chained up, out of sight. This canine friend of his may have his faults (as who has not?), but I desire it to be expressly understood that *I* know nothing to this animal's prejudice. On the contrary, it is not to be doubted that he is a good dog. I do not call the point in question. His owner says he is a good dog, and every one who approaches him is respectful, and even complaisant in their attentions to this beauty. I say nothing against this dog with the harelip. His portrait—taken from life—is presented, without comment further. His master, the indefatigable man-of-all-work to the Brighton public, is with him—a handsome pair.

Among the better grades of stock sent hither for sale may be mentioned the consignments of young horses from the North and West, and occasionally an animal of mettle—worse for wear—from the neighborhood or the city beyond. A stray Canadian pony may sometimes be had here "for a song," comparatively. But Brighton market has long since been decided upon as *not* the choice of marts at which one should purchase a horse.

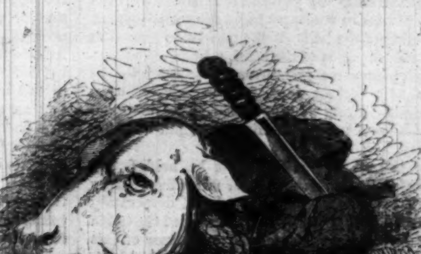
Mr. Pleasanton, however, from the rural districts, has not been apprised of the state of public opinion upon this point (or he disregards the caution *in toto*), and, moreover, he "knows what he's about." And so, Mr. P., who is really a very respectable man and all that, goes to Brighton to procure a good "family beast." He has heard that occasional opportunities offer there for obtaining a valuable nag at a low figure. Mr. Pleasanton knows the points of a horse, and he smiles at the hint of his friends in reference to his chances of being deceived! Indeed, it would seem to please Mr. P. very much to meet with the individual who is competent to take advantage of *him* in a horse trade.

In the course of the day there is an impromptu trial of speed among such of the sale horses as are able to "show foot," a performance which varies the monotony of proceedings, and which comes off upon the fine level road a few rods beyond the hotel, usually under the auspices of the accommodating owner of the dog with the harelip and distorted under-jaw, aided by other *habitués* of that immediate ilk. After the trot the animals are mostly brought to the hammer, and, if sold at all, are knocked down to the highest bidder by the village auctioneer.

The road is lined with a heterogeneous mass of idlers, countrymen, villagers, boys, horsemen, speculators, and strangers, and the exhibition of the horses is vastly enjoyed by the eager crowd. A worn-down roadster, that has turned his mile within three minutes in better days, finds himself under whip and spur beside some puny pacing Canadian, urged to his uttermost over the "half-mile course" below the hill, only to be sadly beaten, first by his opponent in the heat, and subsequent-



SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.



ORIGINAL MOCK TURTLE.

ly by his rider for permitting what he could not prevent. The jockey "goes-in" without entrance-fee here; the stable-boy trumps up a "game 'un," with which some fancy dealer may chance to be present, and which he may desire to offer for sale; the Vermonter, in his French cart, exhibits his tiny Morgan; the family horse, the hack, the cob, the pelter, the comely and the ugly—all join issue in this transient exhibition, thus giving the buyers an opportunity to pass judgment upon the merits of the different animals to be disposed of.

"Gentlemen," observes the auctioneer, blandly, as the horses are brought up to the stand finally, and he surveys the collection of miscellaneous faces upturned around him, "we shall offer you a few exc'lent animals here, to-day, such as it is not our good fort'n' to meet with upon these grounds or'narily. And among them, gentlemen, is a seuperior specimen, nine years, comin' ten, sound an' kine, well on his feet, been used by a gen'leman, capitle driver in saddle or harness, sold for no fault, owner no further use for him, a substantial family beast—there he is—and how much am I offered for the horse?"

The auctioneer wipes his face, takes breath, and Mr. Pleasanton, being a listener, feels that he is in luck, and that this is just the animal he wants—for he has seen him travel, and heard a subsequent good account of him from one whom, in his innocence, he deems entirely disinterested in this particular animal.

"How much, gents?" continues the knight of the hammer. "Gimme a bid—start him where you please—he is to be *sold*, gentlemen. How much did I hear? What for that fine animal? Look him over; judge for yourselves; you have seen him move; he's a good 'un. How much for the family horse?"

Mr. Pleasanton witnessed the trot but a few minutes previously, and he ventures upon an offer of forty dollars.

"Forty dollars!" exclaims the auctioneer; and, laying down his hammer, he comes to a pause, as if the proposition were a very absurd one on the part of Mr. P. or any body else. He looks around upon the crowd, with a martyr-like expression, and finally continues, "Forty dollars only I am offered for that seuperior animal! Will gentlemen of intelligence stand by in silence, and permit this sort of sacrifice? Is there no one here that will start him at a hunder'd?"

Mr. Pleasanton is delighted, and the more so when he observes that no response is made to this appeal.

"Very well, gentlemen; I have said 'he is to be sold,' and we trade here on the square. But this is altogether *too* bad. Forty dollars I'm offered for this horse. Forty dollars—forty, forty, forty, forty—who says fifty? gimme fifty? shall I have fifty? forty only, goin' at forty—did I hear fifty dollars for the horse? gimme five, then? somebody say five—forty dollars, only, I am offered—*will* you say the five?"

Another pause—another gaze of astonishment upon the listless and gaping crowd, and the auctioneer, having observed the nervous expression of Mr. P.'s face, ventures himself to advance a dollar.

"Forty-one! forty-one! forty-one, one, one—"

"Two," says Mr. Pleasanton, quickly, "forty-two."

"Forty-two," continues the seller; "forty-two—thank you, Sir; cheapest bargain you ever got in your life. Forty-two, forty-two; gimme three—forty-two; who says three? forty-two, forty-two, forty-two—remember, gentlemen, we *warrant* no horses that are sold at less than fifty dollars. Forty-two; shall I have three? Gimme a half, somebody. Forty-two—did I hear a quarter? Forty-two only; if that's the best bid, down he goes now. Quick, or you lose him. Forty-two dollars only; forty-two, and—he is yours, Sir."

Mr. Pleasanton advances, pays his money, half-a-dozen anxious individuals rush up with offers of halters at twelve shillings each, and Mr. P. gets away with his "family horse," which has been previously sold five times at least, within as many weeks on account of his utter viciousness and intractability—and which he also is glad indeed to be rid of, at the very first opportunity!

By this time the signal is given for dinner, and if there is any one matter more than another to which the Brighton community is willing and eager to render justice, it is this. A simultaneous rush is made from all quarters of the grounds for the hotel; and, piling in, upon, and over, each other—the drovers, market-men, butchers, strangers, and boarders make for the readiest seat in the great dining-hall to secure an early chance at the smoking and hearty viands prepared for their by-no-means over-fastidious palates.

The accustomed routine of this interesting process is rarely interrupted, except through the occasional increase of the crowd on especial days—in the busier seasons. Upon one occasion, however, at the witching moment when the stomachs of the throng most earnestly yearned for contact with the savory edibles in readiness to be discussed—just at the ringing of the bell—as the multitude poured in at the side entrance of the hotel, a huge ox bellowing with pain, came dashing suddenly down by the piazza at a furious pace, followed closely by a three-year old colt that appeared to be having it "all his own way," in this novel and exciting chase.

The tail of the maddened ox he held firmly clenched between his jaws, and following sharply upon the tracks of the annoyed and desperately frightened bovine fugitive—away rushed the twain to the infinite merriment of the witnesses of this singularly ludicrous and entirely original exhibition. Passing around the hotel, and up to the vicinity of the pens again, they separated; and the lower portion of the tail of the ox was subsequently found to have been nearly bitten off during this race.

It turned out that this ox and colt were strangers, and had been placed in intimate proximity during the morning, but had conceived a dislike for each other. The colt finally bit at the haunch of his neighbor, who, in turn planted his heels in the young stallion's face—whereupon the latter seized a mouthful of the tail of the ox, which act induced the other to set off at full speed down the path around the hotel as he did, yelling with pain, while the vicious colt clung to his hold with the tenacity of a bull-terrier. The young horse seemed in the end amply content with his revenge for the insult, and became perfectly peaceable a moment after the ox escaped him.

Dinner over, and the transfer of the cattle and sheep and swine is concluded. Knots of contented and quiet men stand about in the cool shade of the house, enjoying their pipes or cigars, after the generous repast they have just enjoyed with such exceeding gusto. The state of the markets, the prospects of the season, a dash at politics, and the finishing up of contracts, affords the *materiel* for an hour's easy and friendly intercourse among the now lessening crowd, prior to the final adjournment of the gathering.

A renewed activity ensues at the pens, and the purchasers are now moving off with their little flocks of sheep, their brace of cattle, or single animals, selected during the morning. Mr. Pleasanton has already gone with his family horse; the old brindled cow, which is warranted to have given (at some earlier period) such fabulous quantities of milk, is in tow of her new owner *en route* for his little snuggery in the adjoining village; the fancy farmer who resides at the fine villa in Brookline, and who is now in the enjoyment of a fair income and his "first season in the country," is just departing in his natty wagon with a pair of those genuine Suffolk pigs for which he has paid *only* thirty-two dollars—scarcely half a dollar a pound; a trade which he will certainly make money out of—if nothing occurs to prevent it; the young man who has been standing at the roadside all day with his pair of young steers has just induced a straggler to try them at a reduced figure, and is in the act of pocketing the proceeds; the boy with the cosset heifer in the morning is lounging beyond with hands in pocket and a saddened countenance, for "Buttercup" is disposed of, and his occupation's gone for the time being; the tongue of the auctioneer has ceased "going," for his auditory have vanished, and the stand is deserted; our friend with the calico shirt and felt hat is enjoying a stirrup-cup with a young gen'leman to whom he has just sold a four-year old colt "of fine figure and action, thoroughly broke to saddle," and which the present owner can easily break to harness—very likely, in the course of time; the drover is preparing to depart, his herd having been cleared out at remunerative prices; the money-lender has long since disappeared, as it is now far past his hour of business; the Vermonter with his little French cart and wiry pony is higgling with a stranger at the corner, who has cantered him for his nag; buyers are now getting scarcer; the din which has filled the air for hours is more subdued; the occasional shout or bleat is more distinctly heard, and is less frequent; the dilapidated horse-frames have been drawn away, and the jargon of their impoverished masters no longer offends the ear; the dusty roads in all directions are teeming with life—the crowd retiring in vehicles or on foot—and a general breaking-up of market-day now transpires.

The stable-boys have had their full share of toil during the morning, and young "Jake" has been alive since daybreak with brush and comb. The last horse has now been brought up, and the great barn-floor has been swept down for the day. The drover's assistant—a youth of fourteen—is awaiting the pleasure of his master, who is dallying with the Cambridge butcher over a final bargain for the remains of his flock till now unsold, and Jake, seated upon his upturned bucket, is displaying the half dozen coins he has been the recipient of, in the way of perquisites, since sunrise, a peculiar smile of satisfaction pervading his honest ebony countenance, while he recounts to his less fortunate temporary companion the prospect of his becoming a "gem'man" some day, and of rubbing down a crab of his own.

The crowd lessens. The busy knots of men have departed from the grounds, and a dozen or two of the more unsuccessful traders and villagers only are assembled within the limits of the office or bar-room of the hotel, enjoying a cobbler or parting pipe, and still harping upon fat wethers, fair beeves, and good store 'ogs, yet on hand.

Another opportunity offers, however, on the succeeding day; for a similar fair is held every week at Cambridge—but four miles distant—and so the sharpers hold on for original figures. The latter location is excellently well situated, and thoroughly appointed, under the superintendence of the famed Porter, formerly and for a long period proprietor of the Brighton establishment. But the original market can never be superseded, and fortunes will continue to be made upon these well-managed grounds, in spite of all competition.

The cars of the Worcester railroad run directly through the town of Brighton from Boston, connecting with the Springfield and Albany roads, upon the western terminus. Great quantities of live stock are thus readily brought in to this point, by rail, every week—a desideratum with dealers in and around Boston at all seasons of the year, and an arrangement of vast convenience to the first purchasers at a distance from the grounds.

An hour before sunset the pretty town of Brighton resumes its accustomed tone of quiet, and the multitude of beings who have made up the mob during the previous twelve hours are far away from the tumultuous and exciting scenes of which they formed a part, and which are to be renewed upon each succeeding Thursday in the year, so long as people insist upon enjoying the sirloin of beef and the saddle of mutton.

The day's toil is closing at length. The last flock has disappeared, and the evening railway train takes down the stragglers who have deferred their departure to the latest convenient moment. The dust in the road lies quiet, and the air is less sultry toward nightfall. There are fewer vehicles to be seen, and the sun is falling softly into his western bed. An occasional "Yerr'p!" is heard along the way from Brighton to Cambridge, as the disappointed drover urges his unsold sheep and cattle along, and it sometimes occurs that at the "four corners" the tired boy or his master is annoyed by the turn that affairs take at this particular juncture.

It will happen that his cattle wander on in one direction, and his sheep make choice, there, of another route, while the swine will select a third bend of the road, neither of which conducts to Cambridge direct, where the owner is desirous to halt over night. The sheep bound away crazily behind their "leaders," the calves rush off down the opposite road, the cattle have already trotted away south, while they should have turned to the eastward, and the hogs conclude to come directly back up the route over which they but just passed down. By dint of management, however, aided by his well-bred dog, and a chance wayfarer who comes to the rescue seasonably, he is enabled to gather his scattered forces, after a spirited chase, and the cheery "Yerr'p! hi! hi—i!" gives token that all is right again, as the flock dashes on again in a cloud of dust toward "Old Harvard."

Good-naturedly the drover follows along, and whistles as he goes; for "what's the use of sighing?" He passes the colleges, and soon afterward Zach Porter's hospitable hotel is in view, where the best of "entertainment for man and beast" in all Middlesex county awaits the weary wanderer and his hungry herd. Before evening closes in he reaches his destination, and the flocks are quickly bestowed in comfortable quarters, in readiness for subsequent sales. The day's work is finished; and an hour later the drover is sleeping soundly, dreaming of his wife and little ones at home, perhaps, or of the prospective gains which he fancies are surely in store for him in the future.

Such is the routine of his existence, and such as has been noted are the incidents and characteristics of market-day at Brighton, *the* weekly cattle-fair ground of New England. The fare vouchsafed to the visitor there, upon the occasions described, is intended to accommodate the appetite of the gourmand rather than that of the epicure; plain, but substantial, and amply sufficient in quantity at all times. The weekly public dinner, though by no means *recherché*, is devoured with a zest that can be enjoyed in few other places, if one can judge any thing from the manner in which this famous meal is disposed of by the thousand-and-one hearty guests who join in the final discussion of it. The *carte* is always the same. The *entrées* are but rarely exhibited. But the *habitué* at Brighton must be content with simple food and plenty of it; the more aristocratic taste is not catered for in that neighborhood. Your day's visit thither will prove amply agreeable; but you must go prepared to enjoy a "standing dish" there—*tête et fraise de veau!*

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER I.

Primitive character of the country in certain districts of Great Britain.—Connection between the features of surrounding scenery and the mental and moral inclinations of man, after the fashion of all sound Ethnological Historians.—A charioteer, to whom an experience of British Laws suggests an ingenious mode of arresting the progress of Roman Papacy, carries Lionel Haughton and his fortunes to a place which allows of description and invites repose.

IN safety, but with naught else rare enough, in a railway train, to deserve commemoration, Lionel reached the station to which he was bound. He there inquired the distance to Fawley Manor House; it was five miles. He ordered a fly, and was soon wheeled briskly along a rough parish-road, through a country strongly contrasting the gay River Scenery he had so lately quitted. Quite as English, but rather the England of a former race than that which spreads round our own generation like one vast suburb of garden-ground and villas—Here, nor village, nor spire, nor porter's lodge came in sight. Rare even were the corn-fields—wide spaces of uninclosed common opened, solitary and primitive, on the road, bordered by large woods, chiefly of beech, closing the horizon with ridges of undulating green. In such an England, Knights-Templars might have wended their way to scattered monasteries, or fugitive partisans in the bloody Wars of the Roses have found shelter under leafy coverts.

The scene had its romance, its beauty—half-savage, half-gentle—leading perforce the mind of any cultivated and imaginative gazer far back from the present day—waking up long-forgotten passages from old poets. The stillness of such wastes of sward—such deeps of woodland—induced the nurture of reverie, gravely soft and lulling. There, Ambition might give rest to the wheel of Ixion, Avarice to the sieve of the Danaids; there, disappointed Love might muse on the brevity of all human passions, and count over the tortured hearts that have found peace in holy meditation, or are now stilled under grassy knolls. See where, at the crossing of three roads upon the waste, the landscape suddenly unfolds—an upland in the distance, and on the upland a building, the first sign of social man. What is the building? only a silenced wind-mill—the sails dark and sharp against the dull, leaden sky.

Lionel touched the driver—"Are we yet on Mr. Darrell's property?" Of the extent of that property he had involuntarily conceived a vast idea.

"Lord, Sir, no; we be two miles from Squire Darrell's. He han't much property to speak of hereabouts. But he bought a good bit o' land, too, some years ago, ten or twelve mile t'other side o' the county. First time you are going to Fawley, Sir?"

"Yes."

"Ah! I don't mind seeing you afore—and I should have known you if I had, for it is seldom indeed I have a fare to Fawley old Manor House. It must be, I take it, four or five year ago sin' I wor there with a gent, and he went away while I wor feeding the horse—did me out o' my back fare. What bisness had he to walk when he came in my fly?—Shabby."

"Mr. Darrell lives very retired, then—sees few persons?"

"'Spose so. I never see'd him, as I knows on; see'd two o' his hosses though—rare good uns;" and the driver whipped on his own horse, took to whistling, and Lionel asked no more.

At length the chaise stopped at a carriage-gate, receding from the road, and deeply shadowed by venerable trees—no lodge. The driver, dismounting, opened the gate.

"Is this the place?"

The driver nodded assent, remounted, and drove on rapidly through what might, by courtesy, be called a park. The inclosure was indeed little beyond that of a good-sized paddock—its boundaries were visible on every side—but swelling uplands, covered with massy foliage, sloped down to its wild, irregular turf soil—soil poor for pasturage, but pleasant to the eye; with dell and dingle, bosks of fantastic pollards—dotted oaks of vast growth—here and there a weird hollow thorn-tree—patches of fern and gorse. Hoarse and loud cawed the rooks—and deep, deep as from the innermost core of the lovely woodlands, came the mellow notes of the cuckoo. A few moments more a wind of the road brought the house in sight. At its rear lay a piece of water, scarcely large enough to be styled a lake; —too winding in its shaggy banks—its ends too concealed by tree and islet to be called by the dull name of pond. Such as it was, it arrested the eye before the gaze turned toward the house—it had an air of tranquillity so sequestered, so solemn. A lively man of the world would have been seized with spleen at the first glimpse of it. But he who had known some great grief—some anxious care—would have drunk the calm into his weary soul like an anodyne. The house—small, low, ancient, about the date of Edward VI., before the statelier architecture of Elizabeth. Few houses in England so old, indeed, as Fawley Manor House. A vast weight of roof, with high gables—windows on the upper story projecting far over the lower part—a covered porch with a coat of half-obliterated arms deep panneled over the oak door. Nothing grand, yet all how venerable! But what is this? Close beside the old, quiet, unassuming Manor House, rises the skeleton of a superb and costly pile—a palace uncompleted, and the work evidently suspended—perhaps long since, perhaps now forever. No busy workmen nor animated scaffolding. The perforated battlements roofed over with visible haste—here with slate, there with tile; the Elizabethan mullion casements unglazed; some roughly boarded across—some with staring, forlorn apertures, that showed floorless chambers—for winds to whistle through and rats to tenant. Weeds and long grass were growing over blocks of stone that lay at hand. A wallflower had forced itself into root on the sill of a giant oriel. The effect was startling. A fabric which he who conceived it must have founded for posterity—so solid its masonry, so thick its walls—and thus abruptly left to moulder—a palace constructed for the reception of crowding guests—the pomp of stately revels—abandoned to owl and bat. And the homely old house beside it, which that lordly hall was doubtless designed to replace, looking so safe and tranquil at the baffled presumption of its spectral neighbor.

The driver had rung the bell, and now, turning back to the chaise, met Lionel's inquiring eye, and said—"Yes; Squire Darrell began to build that—many years ago—when I was a boy. I heerd say it was to be the show-house of the whole county. Been stopped these ten or a dozen years."

"Why?—do you know?"

"No one knows. Squire was a laryer, I b'leve—perhaps he put it into Chancery. My wife's grandfather was put into Chancery jist as he was growing up, and never grew afterward—never got out o' it—nout ever does. There's our churchwarden comes to me with a petition to sign agin the Pope. Says I, 'That old Pope is always in trouble—what's he bin doin' now?' Says he, 'Spreading! He's got into Parlyment, and he's now got a colledge, and we pays for it. I doesn't know how to stop him.' Says I. 'Put the Pope into Chancery along with wife's grandfather, and he'll never hold up his head agin.'"

The driver had thus just disposed of the Papacy when an elderly servant, out of livery, opened the door. Lionel sprung from the chaise, and paused in some confusion—for then, for the first time, there darted across him the idea that he had never written to announce his acceptance of Mr. Darrell's invitation—that he ought to have done so—that he might not be expected. Meanwhile the servant surveyed him with some surprise. "Mr. Darrell?" hesitated Lionel, inquiringly.

"Not at home, Sir," replied the man, as if Lionel's business was over, and he had only to re-enter his chaise. The boy was naturally rather bold than shy, and he said, with a certain assured air, "My name is Haughton. I come here on Mr. Darrell's invitation."

The servant's face changed in a moment—he bowed respectfully. "I beg pardon, Sir. I will look for my master—he is somewhere on the grounds." The servant then approached the fly, took out the knapsack, and observing Lionel had his purse in his hand, said—"Allow me to save you that trouble, Sir. Driver, round to the stable-yard." Stepping back into the house, the servant threw open a door to the left, on entrance, and advanced a chair—"If you will wait here a moment, Sir, I will see for my master."

CHAPTER II.

Guy Darrell—and Still'd Life.

The room in which Lionel now found himself was singularly quaint. An antiquarian or architect would have discovered at a glance that, at some period, it had formed part of the entrance-hall; and when, in Elizabeth's or James the First's day, the refinement in manners began to penetrate from baronial mansions to the homes of the gentry, and the entrance-hall ceased to be the common refectory of the owner and his dependents, this apartment had been screened off by perforated panels, which, for the sake of warmth and comfort, had been filled up into solid wainscoat by a succeeding generation. Thus one side of the room was richly carved with geometrical designs and arabesque pilasters, while the other three sides were in small simple panels, with a deep fantastic frieze in plaster, depicting a deer-chase in relief, and running between woodwork and ceiling. The ceiling itself was relieved by long pendants without any apparent meaning, and by the crest of the Darrels, a heron, wreathed round with the family motto, "*Ardua petit Ardea.*" It was a dining-room, as was shown by the character of the furniture. But there was no attempt on the part of the present owner, and had clearly been none on the part of his predecessor, to suit the furniture to the room. This last was of the heavy graceless taste of George the First—cumbrous chairs in walnut-tree—with a worm-eaten mosaic of the heron on their homely backs, and a faded blue worsted on their seats—a marvelous ugly sideboard to match, and on it a couple of black shagreen cases, the lids of which were flung open, and discovered the pistol-shaped handles of silver knives. The mantle-piece reached to the ceiling, in paneled compartments, with heraldic shields, and supported by rude stone Caryatides. On the walls were several pictures—family portraits, for the names were inscribed on the frames. They varied in date from the reign of Elizabeth to that of George I. A strong family likeness pervaded them all—high features, dark hair, grave aspects—save indeed one, a Sir Ralph Haughton Darrell, in a dress that spoke him of the holiday date of Charles II.—all knots, lace, and ribbons; evidently the beau of the race; and he had blue eyes, a blonde peruke, a careless profligate smile, and looked altogether as devil-me-care, rakehelly, handsome, good-for-naught, as ever swore at a drawer, beat a watchman, charmed a lady, terrified a husband, and hummed a song as he pinked his man.

Lionel was still gazing upon the effigies of this airy cavalier, when the door behind him opened very noiselessly, and a man of imposing presence stood on the threshold—stood so still, and the carved mouldings of the doorway so shadowed, and, as it were, cased round his figure, that Lionel, on turning quickly, might have mistaken him for a portrait brought into bold relief, from its frame, by a sudden fall of light. We hear it, indeed, familiarly said that such a one is like an old picture. Never could it be more appositely said than of the face on which the young visitor gazed, much startled and somewhat awed. Not such as inferior limners had painted in the portraits there, though it had something in common with those family lineaments, but such as might have looked tranquil power out of the canvas of Titian.

The man stepped forward, and the illusion passed. "I thank you," he said, holding out his hand, "for taking me at my word, and answering me thus in person." He paused a moment, surveying Lionel's countenance with a keen but not unkindly eye, and added softly, "Very like your father."

At these words Lionel involuntarily pressed the hand which he had taken. That hand did not return the pressure. It lay an instant in Lionel's warm clasp—not repelling, not responding—and was then very gently withdrawn.

"Did you come from London?"

"No, Sir, I found your letter yesterday at Hampton Court. I had been staying some days in that neighborhood. I came on this morning—I was afraid, too unceremoniously; your kind welcome reassures me then."

The words were well chosen, and frankly said. Probably they pleased the host, for the expression of his countenance was, on the whole, propitious; but he merely inclined his head with a kind of lofty indifference, then, glancing at his watch, he rang the bell. The servant entered promptly. "Let dinner be served within an hour."

"Pray, Sir," said Lionel, "do not change your hours on my account."

Mr. Darrell's brow slightly contracted. Lionel's tact was in fault there; but the great man answered quietly, "All hours are the same to me; and it were strange if a host could be deranged by consideration to his guest—on the first day too. Are you tired? Would you like to go to your room, or look out for half an hour? The sky is clearing."

"I should so like to look out, Sir."

"This way, then."

Mr. Darrell, crossing the hall, threw open a door opposite to that by which Lionel entered, and the lake (we will so call it) lay before them. Separated from the house only by a shelving, gradual declivity, on which were a few beds of flowers—not the most in vogue nowadays—and disposed in rambling, old-fashioned parterres. At one angle a quaint and dilapidated sun-dial; at the other a long bowling-alley, terminated by one of those summer-houses which the Dutch taste, following the Revolution of 1688, brought into fashion. Mr. Darrell passed down this alley (no bowls there now), and, observing that Lionel looked curiously toward the summer-house, of which the doors stood open, entered it. A lofty room, with coved ceiling, painted with Roman trophies of helms and fasces, alternated with crossed fifes and fiddles, painted also.

"Amsterdam manners," said Mr. Darrell, slightly shrugging his shoulders. "Here a former race heard music, sung glees, and smoked from clay pipes. That age soon passed, unsuited to English energies, which are not to be united with Holland phlegm! But the view from the window—look out there. I wonder whether men in wigs and women in hoops enjoyed *that*. It is a mercy they did not clip those banks into a straight canal!"

The view was indeed lovely; the water looked so blue, and so large, and so limpid, woods and curving banks reflected deep on its peaceful bosom.

"How Vance would enjoy this!" cried Lionel. "It would come into a picture even better than the Thames."

"Vance—who is Vance?"

"The artist—a great friend of mine. Surely, Sir, you have heard of him, or seen his pictures?"

"Himself and his pictures are since my time. Days tread down days for the Recluse, and he forgets that celebrities rise with their suns, to wane with their moons—

'Truditur dies die,
Novæque pergunt interire lunæ.'"

"All suns do not set—all moons do not wane!" cried Lionel, with blunt enthusiasm. "When Horace speaks elsewhere of the Julian star, he compares it to a moon—'*interignes minores*'—and surely Fame is not among the orbs which '*pergunt interire*' hasten on to perish!"

"I am glad to see that you retain your recollection of Horace," said Mr. Darrell, frigidly, and without continuing the allusion to celebrities, "the most charming of all poets to a man of my years, and" (he very dryly added) "the most useful for popular quotation to men at any age."

Then sauntering forth carelessly, he descended the sloping turf, came to the water-side, and threw himself at length on the grass—the wild thyme which he crushed sent up its bruised fragrance. There, resting his face on his hand, Darrell gazed along the water in abstracted silence. Lionel felt that he was forgotten; but he was not hurt. By this time a strong and admiring interest for his cousin had sprung up within his breast—he would have found it difficult to explain why. But whosoever at that moment could have seen Guy Darrell's musing countenance, or whosoever, a few minutes before, could have heard the very sound of his voice—sweetly, clearly full—each slow enunciation unaffectedly, mellowly distinct—making musical the homeliest, roughest word, would have understood and shared the interest which Lionel could not explain. There are living human faces which, independently of mere physical beauty, charm and enthrall us more than the most perfect lineaments which Greek sculptor ever lent to a marble face: there are key-notes in the thrilling human voice, simply uttered, which can haunt the heart, rouse the passions, lull rampant multitudes, shake into dust the thrones of guarded kings, and effect more wonders than ever yet have been wrought by the most artful chorus or the deftest quill.

In a few minutes the swans from the farther end of the water came sailing swiftly toward the bank on which Darrell reclined. He had evidently made friends with them, and they rested their white breasts close on the margin, seeking to claim his notice with a low hissing salutation, which, it is to be hoped, they change for something less sibilant in that famous song with which they depart this life.

Darrell looked up. "They come to be fed," said he, "smooth emblems of the great social union. Affection is the offspring of utility. I am useful to them—they love me." He rose, uncovered, and bowed to the birds in mock courtesy: "Friends, I have no bread to give you."

Lionel. "Let me run in for some: I would be useful too."

Mr. Darrell. "Rival! useful to my swans?"

Lionel (tenderly). "Or to you, Sir."

He felt as if he had said too much, and without waiting for permission, ran in-doors to find some one whom he could ask for the bread.

"Sonless, childless, hopeless, objectless!" said Darrell, murmuringly, to himself, and sunk again into reverie.

By the time Lionel returned with the bread, another petted friend had joined the master. A tame doe had caught sight of him from her covert far away, came in light bounds to his side, and was pushing her delicate nostril into his drooping hand. At the sound of Lionel's hurried step she took flight, trotted off a few paces, then turned, looking wistfully.

"I did not know you had deer here."

"Deer! in this little paddock! of course not; only that doe. Fairthorn introduced her here. By-the-by," continued Darrell, who was now throwing the bread to the swans, and had resumed his careless, unmeditative manner, "you were not aware that I have a brother hermit—a companion besides the swans and the doe. Dick Fairthorn is a year or two younger than myself, the son of my father's bailiff. He was the cleverest boy at his grammar-school. Unluckily he took to the flute, and unfitted himself for the present century. He condescends, however, to act as my secretary—a fair classical scholar—plays chess—is useful to me—I am useful to him. We have an affection for each other. I never forgive any one who laughs at him. The half-hour bell, and you will meet him at dinner. Shall we come in and dress?"

They entered the house—the same man-servant was in attendance in the hall. "Show Mr. Haughton to his room." Darrell inclined his head—I use that phrase, for the gesture was neither bow nor nod—turned down a narrow passage, and disappeared.

Led up an uneven stair-case of oak, black as ebony, with huge balustrades, and newel-posts supporting clumsy balls, Lionel was conducted to a small chamber, modernized a century ago by a faded Chinese paper, and a mahogany bedstead, which took up three-fourths of the space, and was crested with dingy plumes, that gave it the cheerful look of a hearse; and there the attendant said, "Have you the key of your knapsack, Sir? shall I put out your things to dress?" Dress! Then for the first time the boy remembered that he had brought with him no evening-dress—nay, evening-dress, properly so called, he possessed not at all in any corner of the world. It had never yet entered into his modes of existence. Call to mind when you were a boy of seventeen, "betwixt two ages hovering like a star," and imagine Lionel's sensations. He felt his cheek burn as if he had been detected in a crime. "I have no dress things," he said, piteously; "only a change of linen, and this," glancing at the summer jacket. The servant was evidently a most gentlemanlike man—his native sphere that of groom of the chambers. "I will mention it to Mr. Darrell; and if you will favor me with your address in London, I will send to telegraph for what you want against to-morrow."

"Many thanks," answered Lionel, recovering his presence of mind; "I will speak to Mr. Darrel myself."

"There is the hot water, Sir; that is the bell. I have the honor to be placed at your commands." The door closed, and Lionel unlocked his knapsack—other trowsers, other waistcoat, had he—those worn at the fair, and once white. Alas! they had not since then passed to the care of the laundress. Other shoes—double-soled, for walking. There was no help for it, but to appear at dinner attired as he had been before, in his light pedestrian jacket, morning waistcoat flowered with sprigs, and a fawn-colored nether man. Could it signify much—only two men? Could the grave Mr. Darrell regard such trifles? Yes, if they intimated want of due respect.

Durum! sed fit levius Patientiâ
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.

On descending the stairs, the same high-bred domestic was in waiting to show him into the library. Mr. Darrell was there already, in the simple but punctilious costume of a gentleman who retains in seclusion the habits customary in the world. At the first glance Lionel thought he saw a slight cloud of displeasure on his host's brow. He went up to Mr. Darrell ingenuously, and apologized for the deficiencies of his itinerant wardrobe. "Say the truth," said his host; "you thought you were coming to an old churl, with whom ceremony was misplaced,"

"Indeed, no!" exclaimed Lionel. "But—but I have so lately left school."

"Your mother might have thought for you."

"I did not stay to consult her, indeed, Sir; I hope you are not offended."

"No, but let me not offend you if I take advantage of my years and our relationship to remark that a young man should be careful not to let himself down below the measure of his own rank. If a king could bear to hear that he was only a ceremonial, a private gentleman may remember that there is but a ceremonial between himself and—his hatter!"

Lionel felt the color mount his brow; but Darrell, pressing the distasteful theme no farther, and seemingly forgetting its purport, turned his remarks carelessly toward the weather. "It will be fair to-morrow; there is no mist on the hill yonder. Since you have a painter for a friend, perhaps you yourself are a draughtsman. There are some landscape-effects here which Fairthorn shall point out to you."

"I fear, Mr. Darrell," said Lionel, looking down, "that to-morrow I must leave you."

"So soon? Well, I suppose the place must be very dull."

"Not that—not that; but I have offended you, and I would not repeat the offense. I have not the 'ceremonial' necessary to mark me as a gentleman, either here or at home."

"So! Bold frankness and ready wit command ceremonials," returned Darrell, and for the first time his lip wore a smile. "Let me present to you Mr. Fairthorn," as the door opening showed a shambling, awkward figure, with loose black knee-breeches and buckled shoes. The figure made a strange sidelong bow, and hurrying in a lateral course, like a crab suddenly alarmed, toward a dim recess protected by a long table, sunk behind a curtain-fold, and seemed to vanish as a crab does amidst the shingles.

"Three minutes yet to dinner, and two before the letter-carrier goes," said the host, glancing at his watch. "Mr. Fairthorn, will you write a note for me?" There was a mutter from behind the curtain. Darrell walked to the place, and whispered a few words, returned to the hearth, rang the bell. "Another letter for the post, Mills: Mr. Fairthorn is sealing it. You are looking at my book-shelves, Lionel. As I understand that your master spoke highly of you, I presume that you are fond of reading."

"I think so, but I am not sure," answered Lionel, whom his cousin's conciliatory words had restored to ease and good-humor.

"You mean, perhaps, that you like reading, if you may choose your own books."

"Or rather if I may choose my own time to read them, and that would not be on bright summer days."

"Without sacrificing bright summer days, one finds one has made little progress when the long winter nights come."

"Yes, Sir. But must the sacrifice be paid in books? I fancy I learned as much in the play-ground as I did in the school-room, and for the last few months, in much my own master, reading hard, in the forenoon, it is true, for many hours at a stretch, and yet again for a few hours at evening, but rambling also through the streets, or listening to a few friends whom I have contrived to make—I think, if I can boast of any progress at all, the books have the smaller share in it."

"You would, then, prefer an active life to a studious one?"

"Oh, yes—yes."

"Dinner is served," said the decorous Mr. Mills, throwing open the door.

BALLAD OF JUPITER AND TEN.

Mrs. Chub was rich and portly,
Mrs. Chub was very grand,
Mrs. Chub was always reckoned
A lady in the land.

You shall see her marble mansion
In a very stately square;
Mr. C. knows what it cost him—
But that's neither here nor there.

Mrs. Chub was so sagacious—
Such a patron of the arts—
And she gave such foreign orders
That she won all foreign hearts.

Mrs. Chub was always talking,
When she went away from home,
Of a most prodigious painting
Which had just arrived from Rome.

"Such a treasure," she insisted,
"One might never see again!"
"What's the subject?" we inquired—
"*It is Jupiter and Ten!*"

"Ten *what?*" we blandly asked her,
For the knowledge we did lack—
"Ah! that I can not tell you,
But the name is on the back."

"There it stands in printed letters—
Come to-morrow, gentlemen;
Come and see our splendid painting—
Our fine *Jupiter and Ten.*"

When Mrs. Chub departed,
Our brains began to rack—
She could not be mistaken,
For the name was on the back!

So we begged a great Professor
To lay aside his pen,
And give some information
Touching "Jupiter and Ten;"

And we pondered well the subject,
And our Lempriere we turned,
To find out who the *Ten* were—
But we could not, though we burned!

But when we saw the picture—
Oh, Mrs. Chub! oh, fie! oh!
We perused the printed label,
And 'twas *Jupiter and Io!*

OUR IDOL.

Close the door lightly,
Bridle thy breath,
Our little earth-Angel
Is talking with Death.
Gently he woos her,
She wishes to stay,
His arms are about her—
He bears her away!
Music comes floating
Down from the dome;
Angels are chanting
The sweet welcome home.
Come, stricken weeper!
Come to the bed,
Gaze on the sleeper—
Our idol is dead!
Smooth out the ringlets,
Close the blue eye—
No wonder such beauty
Was claimed in the sky.
Cross the hands gently
O'er the white breast,
So like a child-spirit
Strayed out from the blest.
Bear her out softly,
This idol of ours;
Let her grave slumber
Be 'mid the sweet flowers.

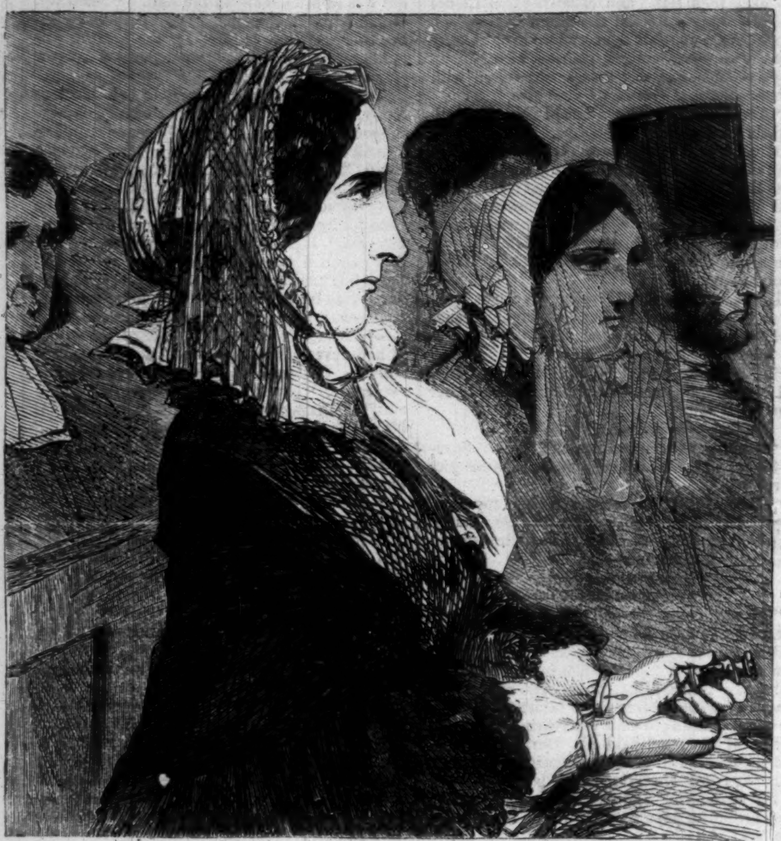
BABY BEE.

A CRADLE SONG.

There's a little golden Bee
Cradled in a crocus white,
Rocking, rocking day and night;
And this little golden Bee
Sings about the golden honey
Hidden in the alder-tree.
So my baby, baby, baby
Singeth like a golden Bee!

There's a little golden Bee
Flutters gayly in the air,
Humming, humming every where;
And this little golden Bee
Shines like any rosy jewel
Hidden in the shady sea.
So my baby, baby, baby
Shineth like a golden Bee!

DID SHE POISON HER LOVER?



MISS MADELEINE SMITH BEFORE THE COURT.

Madeleine Hamilton Smith was born in Glasgow. Her father is James Smith, an architect of considerable professional repute, and a man of a social position equal to the best in the flourishing commercial and manufacturing town in which he resides. He and his family live in the luxurious enjoyment of all that pertains, if not to great wealth, at least to the possession of a competence beyond the average of the prosperous commercial citizens of Glasgow. He has his town-house in Blythswood Square, the most fashionable quarter of the city, and his country place on the banks of the Clyde. He has a full complement of servants, his gardener and footman, and those other contingencies that are supposed to belong to a respectable establishment, and to indicate the ability to spend a liberal income.

His family have been in the enjoyment of every advantage. No expense has been spared in their education; and the eldest daughter, after a preliminary schooling in her native city, was sent, as is the usual practice with wealthy Scotch families, to a fashionable London boarding-school, that she might acquire the metropolitan graces and soften her Scotch accent by a due admixture of the more melodious English tongue. She returns to her native city with all the modern accomplishments, which serve to set off with additional effect her natural charms, for she is possessed of great personal attractions. Her slight form, and short though gracefully proportioned stature, and her regular and well-cut features, give her a delicate air of refinement which is rare among her countrywomen, who are ordinarily of a coarser mould. She has the fresh complexion, the bright eye, and vivacious movement of constitutional health and vigor blended with the softer graces of a life of refined culture. Her father's position gives her a ready admission to society, her own attractiveness soon makes her its favorite, and she receives the homage of the attentive gallantry of all the youthful beaux of Glasgow. She is now acknowledged as the reigning belle of the city, and her appearance in its public promenades or in its social circles is always marked with an admiring welcome and a flattering sensation. She soon acquires that self-possessed air which belongs to acknowledged beauty, and, fully conscious of her charms, does not fail to display them with all the skill of an artful coquetry. To the natural advantage of personal beauty she adds, by the most perfect taste, all the effect of an elegant though simple adornment. She is noted for a nice discrimination in the choice of dress, and never appears without that certain air of distinction which belongs to those who know how to adapt the conventional fashions to the natural graces of their persons.

That so charming a person should soon awaken among her male acquaintances some warmer sentiment than mere admiration would be naturally expected, and such, in fact, was the case. About two years ago, and at the age of nineteen, soon after she made her first appearance in society, she met a young gentleman of the name of Pierre Emile L'Angelier, a native of the isle of Jersey, but a resident in Glasgow. The two became enamored, and were secretly betrothed. The parents becoming cognizant of the intimacy, declared themselves opposed to all further relations between the two lovers. The objections of Miss Smith's father and mother were positive, and were supposed to be based, not upon the personal character of the young man, but upon his comparatively obscure position, he being only an under-clerk in a counting-house, and incapable of supporting their daughter in that position to which they thought her entitled to aspire. The fact of the betrothal still, however, remained a secret to the parents, and was withheld from them notwithstanding L'Angelier urgently solicited their daughter to inform them. Upon her refusal, in consequence probably of the peremptory expression of dislike to the young man on the part of her parents, of whom she had evidently great dread, he begged to be allowed to declare the fact to them himself. Miss Smith, however, could not be prevailed upon to consent. The engagement was now broken off. It was, however, in a few weeks renewed clandestinely with the understanding that when a proper opportunity occurred the parents should be informed. This opportunity, however, never occurred, but the intimacy continued, and was carried on through a correspondence and by stolen interviews for more than two years.

In Scotland as in France, the houses are large and divided into various stories or flats, each of which is occupied by its own tenants as if it were a separate house. Mr. Smith's town residence is the first floor of a large and handsome building of this kind, fronting on the fashionable Blythswood Square, and situated at the corner of a street. This arrangement gave great facility for the stolen interviews between the lovers, as Miss Smith's room, like all the apartments, was on the first floor, and could be easily entered through the gate of the area and the door opening on the side street. With the occasional bribe of a dress or a small sum of money, a servant of the family was readily induced to connive at the clandestine meetings between the lover and the daughter of her master. Accordingly, young L'Angelier would watch his opportunity of a Sunday, when the family had gone to church, to gain entrance to the house, which was easily effected through the aid of the servant. As the intimacy warmed, however, more frequent interviews were sought for, and it became the habitual practice for the young man to present himself night after night during the week, after the family had gone to bed, and the little sister of Miss Smith who slept with her had fallen asleep, when, on his tapping at the window, which was easily touched by a cane from the street, the domestic confederate would open the door to give him a ready admittance to his beloved. This continued for nearly two years, occasionally interrupted by absence—when, however, frequent letters passed through the medium of the same bribed servant, who posted the letters written by the young lady and received those addressed to her under cover to herself. The warmth of the attachment and the nature of the relations between the lovers may be easily judged of by their correspondence:

"*Tuesday, two o'clock.*

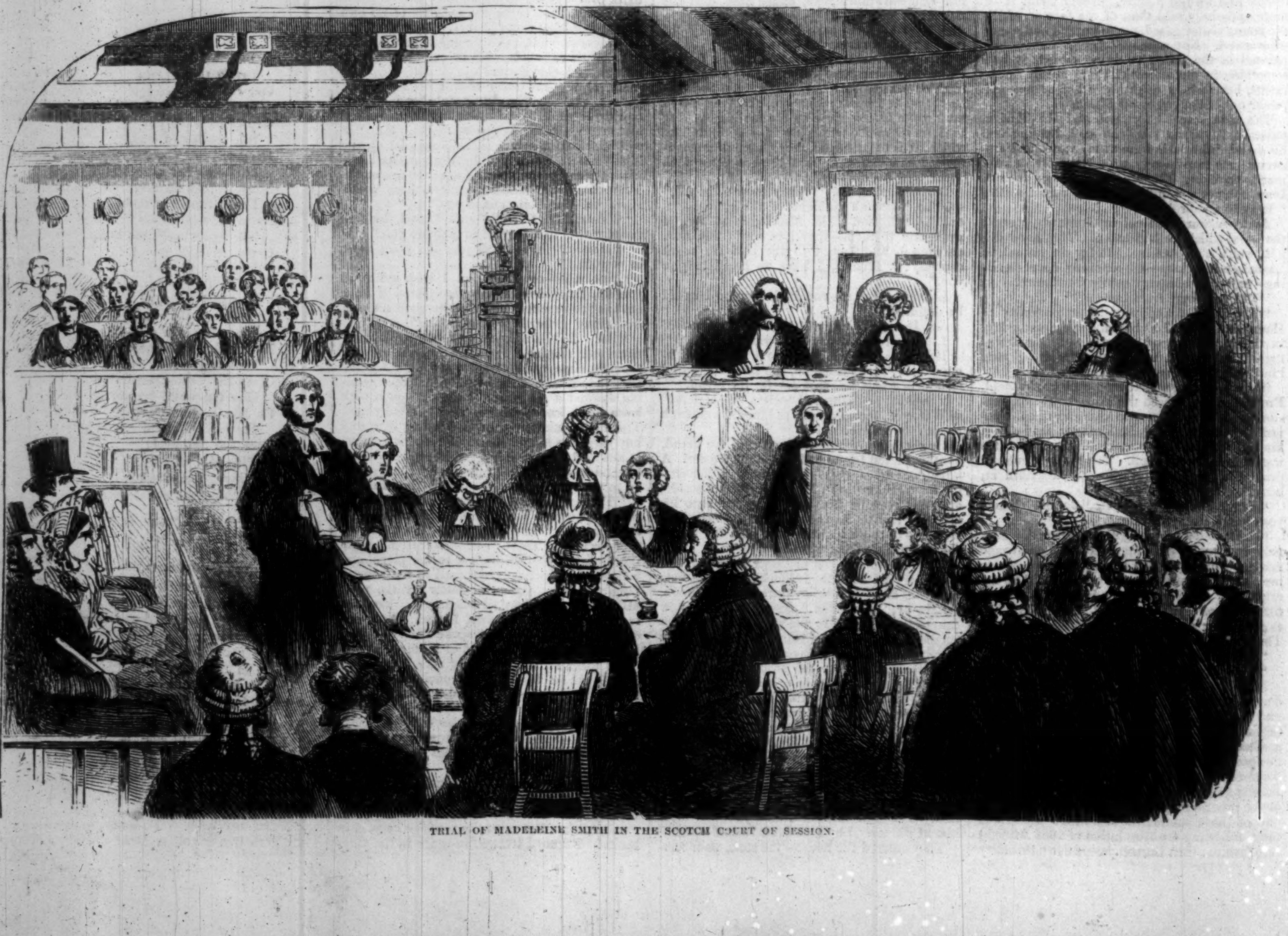
"My own darling Husband,—I am afraid I may be too late to write you this evening, so as all are out I shall do it now, my sweet one. I did not expect the pleasure of seeing you last evening; of being fondled by you, dear, dear Emile. Our cook was ill, and went to bed at ten. That was the reason I could not see you; but I trust ere long to have a long interview with you, sweet one of my soul, my love, my all, my own best beloved. . . . I did, my love, so pity you standing in the cold last night, but I could not get Janet to sleep, little stupid thing. . . . My own sweet beloved, I can say nothing as to our marriage, as it is not certain when they may go from home; when I may is uncertain. My beloved, will we require to be married in Edinburgh, or will it do here? You know I know nothing of these things. I fear the bans in Glasgow, there are so many people know me. If I had any other name but Madeleine it might pass, but it is not a very common one. But we must manage in some way to be united ere we leave town. Much, much love; kisses tender; long embraces—kisses, love. I am thy own, thy ever fond, thy own dear loving wife—thy

"Mimi L'Angelier."

This was written in May, 1856. Again in June of the same year, she writes to her lover, with no less ardor of expression, the following letter:

"*Wednesday morning, five o'clock.*

"My own beloved Husband,—I trust to God you got home safe, and were not much the worse of being out. Thank you, my love, for coming so far to see your Mimi. It is truly a pleasure to see you, my Emile. If we did wrong last night, it must have been in the excitement of our love. I suppose we ought to have waited till we were married. Yes, beloved, I did truly love you with my soul. I was happy; it was a pleasure to be with you. Oh, if we could have remained never more to have parted! . . . . Beloved, we shall wait till you are quite ready. I shall see and speak to Jack on Sunday. I shall consider about telling mamma. But I don't see any hope from her. I know her mind. You, of course, can not judge of my parents; you know them not. I did not know, or I should not have done it, that I caused you to pay extra postage for my stupid, cold letters; it shall not occur again. Darling Emile, did I seem cold to you last night? Darling, I love you—you, my own Emile. I love you with my heart and soul. Am I not your wife? Yes, I am. And you may rest assured, after what has passed, I can not be the wife of any other but dear, dear Emile. No; now it would be a sin. . . I felt a good deal of pain last night. I shall always remember last night. I dread next winter. Only fancy, beloved, us both in the same town, and unable to write to each other; it breaks my heart to think of it. Why, beloved, are we so unfortunate? . . . I shall always remember last night. Will we not often talk of our evening meetings after we are married? Why do you say in your letter, 'If we are not married?' I would not regret knowing you. Beloved, have you a doubt that we shall be married some day? I shall write dear Mary soon. What would she say if she



TRIAL OF MADELEINE SMITH IN THE SCOTCH COURT OF SESSION.

knew we were so intimate? She would lose all her good opinion of us both, would she not?"

Again in the same month:

"*Friday night.*

"BELOVED, DEARLY BELOVED HUSBAND, SWEET EMILE,—How I long to call you mine, never more to leave you! What must occur ere that takes place, God only knows. I often fear some cloud may yet fall on our path, and mar our happiness for a long time. I shall never cause you unhappiness again. No, I was unkind, cruel, unloving, but I shall never be repented. No, I am now a wife, a wife in every sense of the word, and it is my duty to conduct myself as such. Yes, I shall behave now more to your mind. I am no longer a child. . . . If you only saw me now—(I am all alone in my little bedroom)—you would never mention your home as being humble. I have a small room on the ground floor—very small—so don't fancy I could not put up in small rooms, and with humble fare. But if you think it would do you good—a tour—go by all means for six months or so. I trust you will take great care of yourself, and not forget your Mimi. Oh, how I love that name of Mimi! You shall always call me by that name; and, dearest Emile, if ever we should have a daughter, I should like you to allow me to call her Mimi, for her father's sake. . . . As you ask me, I shall burn your last letter. It was my cold which prevented me going to Arrochar. . . . I was ill the beginning of this week, so if I should have the happiness to see you on Tuesday night I shall be quite well. I think I feel better this week. I can not eat; I have not taken any breakfast for about two months, not even a cup of tea—nothing till I get luncheon at one o'clock. I don't sleep much. I wonder, and so does M., that my looks are not changed, but I look well as if I ate and slept well. I don't think I am any stouter, but you can judge when you next see me—but I must go to bed, as I feel cold, so good-night. Would to God it were to be by your side; I would feel well and happy then.

"MIMI L'ANGELIER."

Now occurs an incident to complicate the history of and disturb the relationship between the lovers. A Mr. Minnoch, a merchant of Glasgow, and a partner in a wealthy commercial house, had been for many years a friend of the family of Mr. Smith, and in the frequent habit of visiting them. He became enamored of Miss Madeleine, proposed, and was accepted on the 28th of January of this year. Their marriage was, accordingly, with the consent of the parents, fixed for the 18th of June last. The attentions of this gentleman became generally known, and naturally excited the jealousy of L'Angelier. This will explain the allusions in the following letters, dated December 5 and 19, 1856, about a month previous to the engagement with Minnoch, but probably not before his intentions were made evident by his courtship:

"........ I wept for hours after I received your letter, and this day I have been sad—yes, very sad. My Emile, I love you, and you only. I have tried to assure you no other one has a place in my heart. It was Minnoch that was at the concert with me. You see I would not hide that from you. Emile, he is papa's friend, and I know he will have him at the house; but need you mind that when I have told you I have no regard for him? It is only you, my Emile, that I love. You should not mind public report. You know I am your wife, and that we shall shortly be united; so it matters not. I promised you I should be seen as little in public with him as I could. I have avoided him at all times. But I could not on Wednesday night; so, sweet love, be reasonable."—*Dec.* 5, 1856.

"MY BELOVED, MY DARLING,—Do you for a second think I could feel happy this evening, knowing you were in low spirits, and that I am the cause? Oh, why was I ever born to annoy you, best and dearest of men? Do you not wish—oh, yes! full well I know you often wish you had never known me. I thought I was doing all I could to please you. But no. When shall I ever be what you wish me to be? Never! never! Emile, will you never trust me—she who is to be your wife? You will not believe me. You say you heard I took M. to the concert against his inclination, and forced him to go. I told you the right way when I wrote. But from your statement in your letter of to-night, you did not believe my word. Emile, I would not have done this to you. Even now I would write and tell you I would believe. I would not believe every idle report. No! I would not. I would, my beloved Emile, believe my husband's word before any other. But you always listen to reports about me if they are bad."—*Dec.* 19, 1856.

The engagement having been made with Minnoch, Miss Smith writes as follows, a few days after, to her former lover:

"You may be astonished at this sudden change, but for some time back you must have noticed a coolness in my notes. My love for you has ceased, and that is why I was cool. I did once love you truly and fondly, but for some time back I have lost much of that love. There is no other reason for my conduct, and I think it but fair to let you know this. I might have gone on, and become your wife, but I could not have loved you as I ought. My conduct you will condemn, but I did at one time love you with heart and soul. It has cost me much to tell you this—sleepless nights—but it was necessary you should know. If you remain in Glasgow, or go away, I hope you may succeed in all your endeavors. I know you will never injure the character of one you so fondly loved. No, Emile, I know you have honor, and are a gentleman. What has passed you will not mention. I know when I ask you that you will comply.—Adieu."

L'Angelier becomes indignant, and threatens to expose the young lady to her father by showing him the letters that he had received from her, and which, as we have seen, reveal fully the nature of the relationship between them. This unmanly threat drives the poor girl almost to madness, and she supplicates her former lover, with an intensity of entreaty and an agony of fear, which find vent in a burst of emotion that is the very eloquence of despair:

"*Tuesday evening, twelve o'clock.*

"EMILE,—I have this night received your note. Oh, it is kind of you to write to me. Emile, no one can know the intense agony of mind I have suffered last night and to-day. Emile, my father's wrath would kill me—you little know his temper. Emile, for the love you once had for me, do not denounce me to my P. Emile, if he should read my letters to you, he will put me from him—he will hate me as a guilty wretch. I loved you and wrote you in my first ardent love—it was with my deepest love I loved you. It was for your love I adored you. I put on paper what I should not. I was free because I loved you with my heart. If he or any other one saw those fond letters to you, what would not be said of me? On my bended knees I write to you, and ask you, as you hope for mercy at the judgment day, do not inform on me—do not make me a public shame. Emile, my love has been one of bitter disappointment. You, and only you, can make the rest of my life peaceful. My own conscience will be a punishment that I shall carry to my grave. I have deceived the best of men. You may forgive me, but God never will. For God's love forgive me, and betray me not. For the love you once had to me do not bring down my father's wrath on me. It will kill my mother (who is not well). It will forever cause me bitter unhappiness. I am humble before you, and crave your mercy. You can give me forgiveness, and you—oh, you only—can make me happy for the rest of my life. I would not ask you to love me, or ever make me your wife. I am too guilty for that. I have deceived and told you too many falsehoods for you ever to respect me. But, oh! will you not keep my secret from the world? Oh! you will not, for Christ's sake, denounce me. I shall be undone. I shall be ruined. Who would trust me? Shame will be my lot. Despise me, hate me, but make me not the public scandal. Forget me forever. Blot out all remembrance of me. .... I have used you ill. I did love you, and it was my soul's ambition to be your wife. I asked you to tell me my faults. You did so, and it made me cool toward you gradually. When you have found fault with me I have cooled. It was not love for another, for there is no one I love. My love has all been given to you. My heart is empty—cold. I am unloved; I am despised. I told you I had ceased to love you—it was true. I did not love as I did; but oh! till within the time of our coming to town I loved you fondly. I longed to be your wife. I had fixed February. I longed for it. The time I could not leave my father's house. I grew discontented; then I ceased to love you. Oh, Emile, this is indeed the true statement. Now you can know my state of mind. Emile, I have suffered much for you. I lost much of my father's confidence since that September; and my mother has never been the same to me. No, she has never given me the same kind look. For the sake of my mother—her who gave me life—spare me from shame. Oh, Emile, you will, in God's name, hear my prayer? I ask God to forgive me. I have prayed that he might put in your heart to spare me from shame. Never, never, while I live can I be happy. No, no, I shall always have the thought I deceived you. I am guilty; it will be a punishment I shall bear till the day of my death. I am humbled thus to crave your pardon, but I dare not. While I have breath I shall ever think of you as my best friend, if you will only keep this between ourselves. I blush to ask you. Yet, Emile, will you not grant this, my last favor—if you will never reveal what has passed? Oh, for God's sake, for the love of Heaven, hear me. I grow mad. I have been ill—very ill—all day. I have had what has given me a false spirit. I had resort to what I should not have taken, but my brain is on fire. I feel as if death would indeed be sweet. Denounce me not. Emile, Emile, think of our once happy days. Pardon me if you can. Pray for me as the most wretched, guilty, miserable creature on the earth. I could stand any thing but my father's hot displeasure. Emile, you will not cause my death. If he is to get your letters I can not see him any more; and my poor mother, I will never more kiss her. It would be a shame to them all. Emile, will you not spare me this? Hate me, despise me, but do not expose me. I can not write more. I am too ill to-night."

Vain, however, are her entreaties, and useless the eloquence of her despair. L'Angelier still holds to his privileges as an accepted lover, and is resolved not to be ousted by the new-comer. Withheld by his affection, and hoping yet for a return of love from his betrothed, he does not, it is true, expose her, but he pertinaciously clings to the letters, which are demanded of him and holds them as a security to his hopes. The young lady now urges him to leave Glasgow, and recommends a long journey to his native isle of Jersey, evidently with the view that he may be absent at the time fixed for her wedding with Minnoch, and be unable to interfere with its consummation. He is deaf again to this proposition and remains in Scotland. Miss Smith now visits the Bridge of Allan—a famous Scotch place of summer resort not far from Stirling, and on the ordinary route so much frequented by tourists in going to the Trosachs, Loch Katrine, and Loch Lomond. While here L'Angelier writes to her and expresses his determination to visit her, with the view of discovering from herself and by his own observations how far his suspicions of her reported engagement with Minnoch, who was also at the Bridge of Allan or in its neighborhood, may be correct. She writes, in answer, lovingly, and strives to dissuade him, on the score of the discomfort and dullness of the place, from his threatened visit. He, however, goes, but finds that Miss Smith has returned to Glasgow, whence she writes the following note to him:

"Why, my beloved, did you not come to me? Oh, my beloved, are you ill? Come to me. Sweet one, I waited and waited for you, but you came not. I shall wait again to-morrow night—same hour and arrangement. Oh, come, sweet love, my own dear love of a sweet-heart. Come, beloved, and clasp me to your heart; come, and we shall be happy. A kiss, fond love. Adieu, with tender embraces. Ever believe me to be your own ever dear, fond "MIMI."

This was sent from Glasgow on Saturday, March 21, and received by L'Angelier at the Bridge of Allan on the Sunday morning after.

On the day L'Angelier (Sunday) received the note from Miss Smith he returned to Glasgow, reaching his lodgings about 8 o'clock in the evening, and was observed by the landlady with whom he resided to be looking remarkably well. At 9 o'clock at night he sallied out and made several visits to the houses of some of his friends, and was seen at about half past 9 o'clock going in the direction of, though at a considerable distance from, Mr. Smith's house, in Blythswood Square. There is no evidence of his having called there, however. Miss Smith, in fact, positively declares that he did not. During his return, late at night, to his lodgings, he was attacked on the road with a severe illness, which exhibited itself in excessive pain of the stomach. He however succeeded in getting home without aid, at half past four o'clock the next morning, when upon the bell of the house ringing with great violence, his landlady hurried to the door and found him in excessive agony of suffering. She asked him if he had taken any thing to disagree with his stomach, which seemed to be the chief seat of pain. He said in answer that he had not. He continued to get worse, with severe vomiting and purging. His state finally becoming very alarming, the landlady was induced to send for a physician, who came and prescribed but in vain, for after lingering a few hours L'Angelier finally died quietly on the morning of Monday. It may be stated that the deceased had had several attacks previously of apparently the same disease, from which he had recovered. The medical attendant was startled at the suddenness of the death, and confessed himself unable to account for it. It was therefore determined that an examination of the body should be made, and accordingly an ordinary *post-mortem* examination took place. The physicians reported that death might have arisen from poison or from internal congestion arising from exposure to cold or fatigue. The body was then interred.

A few days subsequently, on the examination of the effects of the deceased, certain letters were found which indicated a close intimacy with Miss Smith. Among them was one taken from L'Angelier's waistcoat pocket, which made it appear probable that he had spent the latter part of the night of his illness with that young lady. Upon the disinterment of his body and a full chemical investigation made, it was proved that the deceased had taken a very large quantity of arsenic, which was found in the stomach and other organs. Hence a suspicion was engendered that he had been maliciously poisoned. Diligent inquiry having been made of the various druggists of the city, it was discovered that Miss Smith had, on several occasions, purchased large quantities of arsenic, but always openly and in company with a female friend. When asked what she intended to do with it, she unhesitatingly answered, that it was for the purpose of killing rats, and agreed readily, in accordance with the English law, to sign the register stating the fact of the purchase. She, moreover, ordered the poison to be put down to the account of her father, who was in the habit of dealing with the druggists from whom she had bought it. These purchases, together with the discovery of her letters among the effects of L'Angelier, cast such a suspicion upon Miss Madeleine Smith that she was arrested and held for trial on charge of murder.

Three months subsequently to the arrest the trial commenced, in Edinburgh, and the interest which it created and the bearing of the prisoner in the terrible position in which she was placed, may be gathered from this graphic description by an eye-witness:

"The personal appearance of Miss Smith, the central figure in this remarkable case, is the point on which the most attraction seems to be fixed in the court by the spectators with which it is thronged, and which is most talked of among the less-privileged outside world. Eager crowds gather in the early morning at the jail, and in Parliament Square, to catch a glimpse of the prisoner as she is taken to the court. In the evenings thousands gather in the streets to see the cab in which she is borne back from the court-room to the prison. Every day sees hundreds at the door of the court, who would willingly expend guineas in obtaining a look at the young lady. Hundreds are daily passed in for a few minutes by official friends to get a glimpse at the prisoner, and may be seen departing with the air of satisfied curiosity upon their anxious countenances. Others who are privileged to sit in the court through the whole day may be seen surveying the slight figure at the dock with eyes that never weary of gazing upon it, from the opening of the Diet till its close; while the newspapers, in the second, and third, and fourth editions with which the town is hourly deluged, stop the press to tell how she looked at a particular hour; how she was seen to blush at a certain point in the evidence; and how, for breakfast, she had coffee, rolls, and a mutton chop, which she ate with great apparent heartiness. In the midst of all this excitement, passing through the eager crowd from and to prison, seated at the bar with hundreds of eyes fixed steadily upon her, Madeleine Smith is the only unmoved, cool personage to be seen. From the first moment to the last she has preserved that undaunted, defiant attitude of perfect repose which has struck every spectator with astonishment. She passes from the cab to the court-room, or, rather, to the cell beneath the dock, with the air of a *belle* entering the ball-room. She ascends the narrow stair-case leading into the dock with a cool, jaunty air, an unvailed countenance, the same perpetual smile—or smirk, rather, for it lacks all the elements of a genuine smile—the same healthy glow of color, and the same confident ease. The female turnkey at her side looked much more of the prisoner, for, while she is still, and scarcely ever lifts her eyes, Miss Smith never ceases surveying all that goes on around her—watching every word of every witness, returning every stare with compound interest, glancing every second minute at the down-turned eyes in the side-galleries, and even turning right round upon the reporters immediately behind her, to see how they get along with the note-taking, which is carrying her name and deeds into every British home. When judges and jurymen retire for lunch she refuses even so much as a small packet of sandwiches. Others may be thirsty amidst the hot excitement, but when the female attendant offers her a glass of water she will not have it. There she sits, refusing meat and drink or a moment's retirement in her cell, with a smelling-bottle in her dainty little hand, which she never uses—a splendid specimen of physical power, and of such endurance as only a will of terrible strength could attain. When she is called up to plead, she says, in a clear, sweet treble—no trace of huskiness or emotion perceptible in the voice, no trembling on her tongue, 'Not guilty.' The Dean of Faculty, her leading counsel, bids her good-morning, or says a word to her when the procedings close for the day, and she smiles so cheerily that you listen to hear her laugh. Whoever speaks, counsel or witness, must be sensible of the fixed, penetrating glance of her large, dark eye. Her head is perpetually turning from the gentlemen of the long robe to the responsive witness-box, as the questions are put and answered. She has a well-cultivated taste—that is evident. She is elegant without show. A rich, brown silk gown, with a large brooch, low set in the breast; a white straw bonnet simply trimmed with white ribbon; a white cambric handkerchief and a bottle of smelling salts in her kid-gloved hand. Her hair, of which she has a rich profusion, is quietly arranged in the fashion prevalent before the Eugénie style, although the smallness of the bonnet, which is of the most fashionable make, necessitates the leading of two ebony braids across the crown of her head. Miss Smith is about five feet two inches in height. She has an elegant figure, and can neither be called stout nor slim. She looks older than her years, which are twenty-one. Her eyes are deep-set, large, and some think beautiful; but they certainly do not look prepossessing. Her brow is of the ordinary size, and the face inclines to the oval. Her nose is prominent, but is too long to be taken as a type for the Roman, and too irregular to remind one of Greece. Her complexion, in spite of prison-life, is clear and fresh. The scene in the court-room is such as the High Court of Judiciary has never presented before in the present century. The whole of the faculty of advocates would seem to be there, filling more than their own gallery; a goodly array of writers to the signet appear in their gowns; upward of a score of reporters for the press ply their busy pencils; the western side-gallery abounds in mustached scions of the aristocracy; ministers of the Gospel are there gathering materials for discourses; and civic dignitaries are in abundance. A few women, who may expect to be called ladies, are mingled in the throng. Among the clergy were noticed Principal Lee, William Pulsford, the celebrated Independent preacher, Dr. Andrew Thomson, Professor Harper, and Mr. Hibbs, an Episcopalian minister.

The trial lasted for nine days, during which there was a thorough sifting of evidence both for the prosecution and defense. The chief points against the prisoner were the supposed motive of desiring to get rid, to the advantage of a more favored suitor, of one who had her character in his power, and might defeat her purpose; the fact of her having purchased large quantities of arsenic, of which her professed use, as a cosmetic (for this she finally declared was her object, and not to kill rats, as, for delicacy's sake, she had stated to the druggists), was not probable, and said to be, by the medical evidence for the prosecution, unexampled and impracticable, as arsenic is corrosive when applied to the skin; the acknowledged circumstance of the deceased having received an occasional cup of cocoa during his interviews with Miss Smith; and the letter which was found on the person of L'Angelier, which was supposed to prove that he had visited her on the night of his fatal illness, which had supervened upon a state of good health just previous to the visit.

The defense strove to show, by witnesses who stated that the deceased had threatened suicide, that L'Angelier had poisoned himself from jealousy. In regard to the use of arsenic, as a cosmetic, by the prisoner, it was shown, by medical testimony rebutting that of the prosecution, that it might be innocently employed for that purpose. The defense also placed great stress upon the open and acknowledged purchase of the poison, and asked, triumphantly, whether there was any proof of the supposed interview between the prisoner and the deceased on the fatal night. The inmates of the house testified to the presence of the prisoner on that night at family prayers, and all declared—including Miss Smith's youngest sister, who slept with her—that no noise was heard, or the least indication given of the entrance of any person into the house. The watchman, moreover, who was familiar with the person of L'Angelier, and whose beat included the house in Blythswood Square, swore that he saw nothing of the deceased. In regard to the motive alleged by the prosecution for the murder, it was held by the defense that it was absurd, as the death of the deceased, as was proved by the result, would only secure the exposure of the correspondence and the intimate relationship it indicated.

After a full hearing of the case, ably and eloquently argued on both sides, by prosecution as well as defense, the Lord-Justice Clerk proceeded to sum up. He said poisoning by arsenic was almost always a secret crime, and was generally to be proved by circumstantial evidence: that evidence, however, must be complete, distinct, and satisfactory, and must exclude the possibility of innocence or of unexplained mystery, and they must not supply any defect in the prosecutor's case by suspicion or presumption against the accused. They must be satisfied that the accused had the purpose and the opportunity; they must be satisfied the parties met that night. They might have a strong suspicion they did so, or the probabilities of the case might favor that view; but unless they could by just, satisfactory, and inevitable inference conclude that they did meet, a link remained wanting in the case, and the catastrophe and its alleged cause were not found together. The numerous theories for the defense might not be of much value, but their failure could in no way strengthen the case for the prosecution, which must be of itself complete and conclusive, and carry conviction to their minds. He, in conclusion, earnestly impressed on the jury the importance of their fully considering all they had heard, and said that the case now only awaited their verdict. Unless they thought that clear conviction was brought to their minds it would be their duty to acquit her. They were not to proceed upon suspicion, or even strong suspicion, but there must be strong conviction in their minds; and if there was any reasonable doubt, it was their duty to give the prisoner the benefit of that doubt; but if they came to that clear conclusion of her guilt they were not to allow any suggestion made for the defense to deter them from doing their duty. The learned Judge, having reminded the jury of the oath they had taken, concluded by beseeching an All-wise and All-seeing Providence to direct them to a right verdict.

During the summing up the appearance of the prisoner was very much as it was at the commencement of the trial. There was, however, a slight shade of sadness in her expression, but no trace of that anxiety and deep mental suffering to be expected in a woman charged with such a dreadful crime, and with her life in such imminent danger.

The jury now retired to their room. The appearance of the court at this particular moment it is impossible to describe, many of the spectators being moved to tears by the impressive and earnest address of the learned Judge. In Scotland, when a jury have agreed upon their verdict a small bell is rung. Upon this signal being given the most breathless silence prevailed, and in a short time afterward the jury reappeared in court, when the clerk of the court, addressing the jury, said:

"Gentlemen, have you agreed to your verdict?"

The foreman, in a firm tone: "We have."

The clerk of the court: "How say you, gentlemen; do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

The foreman: "We find the prisoner 'Not Guilty' on the first count, and 'Not Proven'[*] on the second and third."

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[*] "Not proven" is a verdict peculiar to Scotch law, and is understood to be a compromise between guilty and not guilty. When the evidence is neither sufficient to convict nor to prove the innocence of the prisoner, the verdict of "Not proven" is rendered, which, while it gives immunity from punishment, seems to leave a stain upon character.

The first count related to an alleged attempt of the 19th or 20th February last; and the second and third counts to an alleged attempt on the 22d or 23d February—at which several periods the deceased had been proved to have been ill—and the murder on the 22d or 23d March.

A loud and long-continued burst of applause followed the announcement of the verdict. During the awful moments between the return of the jury into court and the giving of their verdict, the prisoner betrayed not the least emotion, but on its delivery she gave a heavy sigh, which appeared to give her much relief. The excitement produced outside the court when the verdict became known was immense.

It is stated that Mr. Smith had settled up all his affairs, and sold his property in Scotland, with the view of leaving that country forever. This has probably given a seeming confirmation to the rumor that the United States was to become the future home of the now widely known Madeleine Smith. Another statement is to the effect that after the trial, although the mother received her erring daughter with affection, the father denied her admission to his presence.

HOW TO MAKE MOSS PICTURES.

If you will come with me into the woods, the tall, dark, pine woods, I will prove to you that pleasure and profit may be found in the *material* as well as the sentiment of them.

Heretofore you have enjoyed the retirement, the shade, the grandeur, and the songs of birds, all of which give peace to the soul; but when you leave the wood, you leave all that belongs to it—you emerge from the quiet shades and their influences, again to strive with the dry stubble of the heated field and the dust of an unwatered country road, and you say, "Is it worth my while to twice pass through such as this for one transient pleasure?"

Now I invite you to come with me, and I promise you shall bring back fruit that will reward you for your dusty walk long after the whispering leaves of the forest shall have faded from your memory. Come with me into this wood-road. The wide ruts on either side, where the thin spiral grass is crushed in, show they have lately been pressed with the wheels of the hay-wagon. The haymakers pass through here to reach the meadow beyond.

How many curious and beautiful things one treads upon in passing along! Let us be careful. Ah! do not step on that little bit of bark! See what a fine ruined castle it would make in a picture: there are the crumbling, moss-covered turrets, and the vacant windows, formed by Nature's own hand. Put it in your basket. What an agreeable sensation it is to scuff one's feet through these dry, cool leaves! I will have a few: they are of use. On the edges of the road are some delicate specimens of moss. Here are cups just large enough to hold one drop of dew; and here is gray moss tipped with coral: take some of each kind—dried or fresh—green, white, brown and black. Take also that little dried stick you just knocked away with your fingers: do you not see it is the miniature stump of a tree with branches? Trees without foliage are not picturesque, I admit, but Nature can remedy that. Come off the road in among these giant, odorous pines. There seem to be two kinds; one is smooth barked, the other is rough. The smooth suits my purpose. Look closely, and you will see round, flat blotches all about the trunk, of a rich green color. Upon examination you perceive they are like delicate sea-moss when it is spread upon a moist surface. Take your penknife and loosen the edges of one of these—then gently peal it off—it is real foliage you see, and exquisitely defined. We want much of this.

Now we will saunter on again. How slippery the path, and how pleasant to walk upon! This brown, glossy carpet falls from the pine trees, and country people call it "*Pine trash.*" We will take some of the little spiral things, they make excellent rail-fences. Here we come to birch and maple trees, where the leaves are beginning to dress in bright colors—dark yellow, and golden brown. A little of the crimson will be of use also. The brown makes good roads, and the yellow and crimson serve for distant shading.

I think now you have sufficient in your basket to make a fine landscape. A piece of water is an improvement in pictures; so when we reach the barn we will find a nicely mildewed corn-husk—it makes a better representation of a lake than oil paint. This is the fruit I promised, but remember you have only gathered it as yet—by-and-by you shall taste it. We will return and prepare the feast; sit you down by me at the table and observe.

I take a square of drawing or card-board, and with a few crayons, blue, yellow, and white, I sketch a sky on the upper half. It is well to represent a morning or a sunset sky, concentrating the deepest yellow in a small space upon the horizon, shading it up from straw-color to blue, with a few scattered white clouds. Now dip the corn-husk in water to make it flexible, and place it lengthwise upon the card-board, letting the edge meet the edge of the sky. Use mucilage to make it adhere. Here is a foundation for lake, harbor, or river. We will call this the sea, allowing sky and water to meet without sight of opposite land.

I make a foreground thus. Select some of those dark, dry leaves, and fasten them to the card below the water, all along the bottom and up the sides as far as the corn-husk reaches, allowing the jagged edges to protrude into the sea as irregularities of shore. Adhere some of these darkest mosses to the leaves, leaving such spaces between as you wish for road or bare ground. You must use your artistic judgment as regards shade, turning the darkest sides, where, if you were painting, you would shade your picture.

Quite by accident you now find a promontory near by, formed by the pointed end of a leaf, which was surely made to support a tree. Therefore erect your little branched stick upon it, carefully gluing the inside to the picture. Pull some of the moss apart, and you see that, separated, it becomes little bushes and even weeds to plant about on the promontory and around the roots of the tree, to hide any awkwardness there may be. Now is the time to use those exquisite bits of foliage that we peeled from the smooth pine-tree, separate each little branch and join them to the twigs of the tree—let them droop and hang over the water. As the foliage advances, you begin to see the sky between the rich branches. It will finish into a fine elm.

The opposite side needs our attention. That gray leaf has taken the appearance of a bluff. Now is the time for our castle: slip it down behind, only allowing the turrets and part of the edifice be seen. There is the sky again through the castle windows—the effect is extremely good. If we separate some of this greenest moss, we shall find that each tiny stem represents holly or pine. Set them about the rocky bluff and along one side of the castle.

Now use your good taste, and say where spaces may be improved with a stem for a dead tree, or a faded bit of leaf for a distant hill; scatter about in crevices scraps of cup or coral moss. Here is a little space that looks like a road leading from the foreground to the water; put a rail-fence on each side. An island will look well in the distance.

Now we have not spent much time over this, so it is but a rough little landscape, though rich in color and effect; but I have seen the inventor of these produce splendid pictures of country scenery, with hill and dale, forest and field, cottage and barn, men and animals, loads of hay and cart-wheels, vessels and boats, and, in fact, every thing in nature, with only a much larger and finer variety than we have collected. I know of no fancy-work so beautiful.

A few touches now of black crayon to deepen shadows in the hollows and crevices, and our picture will do. Take from the wall that horrid likeness of General Whatsyourname; the oval frame is too pretty for his ugly phiz—turn him out, and lay the glass over the landscape, cutting the card-board in shape. Now for the frame! Hang it up. It is successful! I wish every body could see it as we do.

I really think it better than oil-painting, because these are the real colors of Nature, which painting only imitates, and it is literally "all out doors."

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

In the Massachusetts Convention which ratified the Constitution of the United States in 1788, there was a member of the Convention by the name of Abraham White, who represented the town of Norton, in Bristol County. He talked a great deal in the Convention, and was violently opposed to the ratification of the Constitution, alleging that it took too much power away from the people, and gave too much to their rulers. He was also afraid of the influence of the lawyers. Chief Justice Parsons, in one of his great speeches in favor of the Constitution, alluded to the line of argument used by Mr. White and others opposed to the Constitution, and said, as by the theory of the proposed government the people were the source of all power, it was doing them a great injustice to suppose they would abuse it to their own prejudice. Mr. White, feeling rather hard pressed, and thinking it necessary to say something, interrupted the Chief Justice by exclaiming:

"I tell you, Sir, the people ought to be jealous of their rulers, *and if any lawyer will beat me out of that I will give him ten guineas.*"

He was very proud of his reply, and turned to Israel Washburn, who was the delegate from the town of Raynham (and a friend to the ratification of the Constitution), and said:

"Didn't I fire into them well?"

"Yes," replied Washburn, dryly, "you fired well, but you didn't hit any body."

A lady of gentle and humane disposition gave, in our hearing yesterday, the following cruel orders: "Katy," said she, "tell Molly to *strike* a match and *burn* those papers, and then to *beat* the eggs for the cake, and *singe* the chickens; and tell James to *beat* the carpets and *poke* the fire; and then, Katy, you can *whip* the seams you sewed yesterday, while I *crush* the sugar, *squeeze* the lemons, and *mash* the spice; and, oh, Katy! ask Jane if she *bruised* the orange-peel and *skinned* the lemons, as I told her to."

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in one of his rambles at Grasmere, came upon a flock of sheep quietly grazing. The novelty of the scene induced him to chase them about, but being caught in the act by "Our Dame," his ears were assailed with "Noo, then, young man, ye'll gie ower; can't ye gang wietly by wiout melling et sheep? I'se be at ye, gaily sean, if ye dunnet."

On being told whom she was scolding, she replied, undauntedly: "I carent wha he be, he's naa business to mell et sheep."

"Sir, Sir! you have dropped your paper!" cried a young man in Paris, to a person passing.

"Sir, I'm very much obliged to you," said the other, turning round and picking up a paper. "Excuse me," continued he, "but have I not the honor of addressing Mr. P——?"

"That is my name," said the young man, with some surprise.

"Ay, I thought so. I was very lucky in meeting you. I am an officer, and am ordered to arrest you on a bill of exchange for one thousand five hundred francs. The paper which you were so kind as to tell me I dropped was the summons against you."

Miss Blank, it is known, is accustomed to say
Many very queer things in a very queer way;
But of all her mistakes the absurdest and oddest
Occurred when she called a French *modiste* "a modest!"

It is said that hundreds of greenhorns who bought stock in the Chester County Copper Mines, on the strength of being told that great amounts of copper had been *smelt* there, will never get a *scent* for their money. The labors of miners there are said to be in *vein*.

"Paddy," said a joker, "why don't you get your ears cropped?—they are entirely too long for a man."

"And yours," replied Pat, "ought to be lengthened—they are too short for a jackass."

The Rev. Mr. Huntsman was of very mature age when he graduated at College, having not only attained to years of discretion, but completed his thirty-ninth and entered upon his fortieth. On the night before Commencement he appeared at an Exhibition, in which he pronounced a very familiar, and certainly very appropriate oration, commencing,

"You'd scarce expect one of *my* age
To speak in public on the stage."

A supe in a Western theatre, having been inducted into the part of the Ghost in Hamlet "for one night only," performed his part so badly that he was hissed off. The manager came forward, bowed gracefully, put his hand on his heart, announced that "Smith had agreed to give up the ghost," bowed again, retired, and all was peace once more.

ODE TO THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

Daughter of England, just about to wed
The Prussian youngster—blessings on your head!
When your Mamma—Time spins so fast away—
Was married, seems but just the other day.
Perhaps she will, in quite as short a space,
Have a grand-daughter in her daughter's case.
I say, so be it!
May we all live to see it,
And to see yet more
That we may roar,
And shout Hurrah!
And sing, God Save Great Grandmamma!
May you enjoy no end of happy life,
Have a good husband and prove a good wife!

Once there lived in our village an old gentleman named John Lowe, who was very rich, and indulged himself in nothing but common cigars. He died, and some one wrote the following epitaph:

"Here lies the smoker and miser, John Lowe,
Who smoked till he injured his once-healthy liver;
But he *made* by his dying, his mourning friends say,
For he's gone where he'll *smoke without charge forever.*"

A little girl, nine years old, having attended a soiree, being asked by her mother, on returning, how she enjoyed herself, answered: "I am *full* of happiness. I couldn't be any happier unless I could grow."

What is the difference between an auctioneer and a postmaster? One does as he is bid, the other as he is directed.

When Jack Jones discovered that he had polished his bed-mate's boots instead of his own, he called it an aggravated instance of "laboring, and confoundedly hard, too, under a mistake."

Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much further than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. How often the spell of beauty is rudely broken by coarse, loud talking! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive! In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady! In the sanctuary at home, how such a voice soothes the fretful child and cheers the weary husband!

The man that was kicked by a saw-horse last week was obliged to submit to an amputation. His trowsers' legs were taken off just above his boots. His case is a sad one.

"No one would take you for what you are," said an old-fashioned gentleman a day or two ago to a would-be-dandy, who had more hair than brains. "Why?" asked Joe. "Because they can't see your ears."

A character in Mrs. Hentz's story of "Love after Marriage" lays down the law thus—"If a man is not ugly enough to *frighten his horse*, he is handsome enough to marry."

A traveler in Africa declares that he met one King who had eleven portly wives, all of whom were weighed monthly, the one that weighed most being invariably installed mistress of the household until the time of the next weighing.

A boy at a recent examination in an English school was asked who discovered America? "I wish I may die," says a British editor, "if he didn't answer—Yankee Doodle!"

We find the following homely yet felicitous illustration of the plagues of idleness going the rounds of the press: "The dog in the kennel barks at his fleas, but the dog that is hunting does not feel them."

It is a question whether being called "a son of a gun" should not rather be taken as a compliment than as a term of abuse, as it is well known that no gun is good for any thing unless it descends in a straight line from a good stock.

The following little ballad, translated by the venerable G. Whillikins from the aboriginal Fejee language, shows that the author of the above was acquainted with Fejee literature, and also that he was not over-scrupulous about borrowing therefrom:

EIN GLASS LAGER.

Strong du peest mein lager,
Nix can stronger pe;
I likes du petter as goot,
Petter as good can pe.

When I drinks mein lager
Him feel strong much more!
Put, my chinks! I like him
Petter as pefore!

The Rev. Hamilton Paul, a Scotch clergyman, is said to be a reviver of Dean Swift's celebrated wit in the choice of texts. For example, when he left the town of Ayr, where he was understood to be a great favorite with the fair sex, he preached his valedictory sermon from this passage: "And they fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him." Another time, when he was called upon to preach before a military company in green uniform, he preached from the words: "And I beheld men like trees, walking." He once made a serious proposal to a young woman whose Christian name was Lydia, and at that time took for his text: "And a certain woman, named Lydia, heard us; whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the many things that were spoken of Paul."

No wonder the fair sex disliked Dr. Johnson, when he said: "People flock to hear a woman preach; not because she preaches well, but because she preaches anyhow. Just as they go to see a dog walk on his hind legs, though he does not walk on them nearly so well as a man!"

"When a fellow is too lazy to work," says Sam Slick, "he paints his name over the door and calls it a tavern or grocery, and makes the whole neighborhood as lazy as himself."

Johnny, one bright evening, was standing by the window, gazing at the moon and stars, and after looking at them some time very intently he turned and said to his mother, who was sitting by him, "Mamma, what are those bright little things in the sky? Are they the *moon's little babies?*"

An old maid, speaking of marriage, says it is like any other disease—while there is life there is hope.

Why is a star like an old barn? Because there are r-a-t-s in both.

The following characteristic letter of Dr. Franklin is said to be inedited. The ingenious manner in which he makes the commencement of his letter convey the temporary impression that he lent with a parsimonious reluctance, is inimitable:

"APRIL 22, 1784.

"I send you herewith a bill for ten *Louis d'ors.* I do not pretend to *give* such a sum. I only lend it to you. When you shall return to your country, you can not fail of getting into some business that will, in time, enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must *pay* me by *lending* this sum to him; enjoining him to discharge his debt by a like operation when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meets with a knave to stop its progress. This is a *trick* of mine for doing a great deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford *much* in good works, and so am obliged to be *cunning*, and make the most of a *little*.

"B. F."

The sieve through which the man strained every nerve is for sale at less than first cost.

A certain judge while attending court in a shire town, was passing along the road where a boy was just letting down the bars to drive some cattle in. His father stood in the door of his home, on the opposite side of the road, and seeing what his hopeful boy was doing, bawled out:

"John, don't you drive them cattle in there. I told you to put them in the pasture behind the house."

The boy took no notice whatever of the remonstrance, and his father repeated the order in a louder tone, without the least effect—and a third time gave positive orders not to drive the cattle in there. The son didn't even deign to look up, and disobeyed the parental injunction with a coolness which positively shocked the judge, who, looking at the culprit, said, in a tone of official dignity:

"Boy, don't you hear your father speaking to you?"

"Oh, ya-a-s," replied the youth, casting a glance at the judge, and then at his parent, "but I don't mind what he says. Mother don't neither, and 'twixt she and I we've about got the dog so he don't."

"Sam, why don't you talk to your massa, and tell um to lay up his treasure in heaven?"

"What's de use of his laying up his treasure dare, he neber see um again?"

"Mr. D——, if you'll get my pants done by Saturday, I shall be forever indebted to you." "If that's your game they'll not be done, sure," said the tailor.

Dr. Baird tells an amusing anecdote of Napoleon *le Grande* and the ladies who attended his first grand reception ball at the Tuileries. The old nobility had departed, and every thing was new. The invited guests were mostly military officers and their wives. Some two thousand ladies were present. When supper-time came, they, of course, took precedence of the gentlemen. A question arose, Who had the right to go first? The great dining-hall was thrown open, admitting them, and the doors were then closed, and the officers of the palace found it impossible to open them. The dispute among the ladies grew warm. One lady said the right was hers, as her husband was a great general; but she soon found that others maintained, on one ground or the other, that their claims were greater. Meanwhile the officers could not get the doors open, and in consternation one of them hastened to the First Consul and asked him how they should settle the question of precedence. "Oh," says Bonaparte, "nothing is easier; tell them that the eldest is to go first!" The officer reported to the ladies the First Consul's decision, and instantly they all fell back! This gave the officers an opportunity to get the doors open, when, to their astonishment, none of the ladies were willing to go first. After standing in that ridiculous position for a moment, they began to laugh heartily at their own folly, and all marched into the dining-hall without delay.

An Englishman boasting to an Irishman that porter was meat and drink, soon after became very drunk, and returning home, fell into a ditch, where Pat discovering him after some time exclaimed: "An' faith and you said it was mate and drink to you; but by my soul, it is a much better thing, for it is washin' and lodgin' too!"

It is said that the "pillars" of liberty are stuffed with the feathers of the American Eagle.

An Irish gentleman lately fought a duel with his intimate friend, because he jocosely asserted that he was born without a shirt to his back!

The superintendent of the —— and —— Railroad discharged a conductor belonging to that road.

The conductor was asked why he was discharged.

"Well," said he, "I was discharged for giving a free pass."

"What made you such a fool as to give a free pass?"

"Well, you see," replied the conductor, "I got tired of riding *alone*, and gave a friend of mine a free pass to get him to go along for company."

A Western editor and his wife were walking out in the bright moonlight, one evening. The wife was of an exceedingly poetical nature, and said to her mate, "Notice that moon—how bright, and calm, and beautiful!" "Couldn't think of noticing it," returned the editor, "for any thing less than the usual rates—a dollar and fifty cents for twelve lines."

Mrs. Blaze had certainly some qualities to shine in a fashionable circle. She had a plenty of apathy, was tolerably illiterate; was brilliantly vain, and very capricious; acquiesced with every one, and diffused universal smiles.

Fashionably dressed women have now in Paris a diameter of precisely twelve feet. Geometricians can calculate the circumference. They hold on the arms of their cavaliers by means of handkerchiefs slipped through the same, and are helped to bouquets and refreshments by waiters attached to the end of long sticks.

To gain the name of having great talent *throw away* the little you have. Let a clever fellow get drunk every little while and make a fool of himself, and *he* is the best doctor, the best lawyer, or what not, "*if* he would only keep sober."

"Don't come.—Too late," was the message lately consigned to the electric telegraph in London for a famous doctor in Edinburgh. "Don't come too late," was the message delivered. Off posted the Doctor to the English metropolis—only to learn that all was over.

A young British officer who was mutilated and disfigured in battle, requested a comrade to write to his betrothed in England, and release her from the bridal engagement. Her answer was worthy of a true woman—"Tell him if there is enough of his body left to contain his soul, I shall hold him to his engagement."

One of our exchanges announces that a Mr. White, living in Venice, Pennsylvania, was recently murdered in his own bed by some one who wished to get his money. The editor adds, that "luckily Mr. White had deposited his money in bank the day before." Mr. White lost nothing but his life.

The man who planted himself on his good intentions has not yet sprouted.

A Gascon and a Parisian having quareled, their friends endeavored to reconcile them, which having been accomplished, the Gascon, turning to the Parisian, congratulated him on the result; "for," said he, "had I been in a bad humor I should have seized you, and thrown you so high that the flies would have had time to devour you before you came down again."

HOOD ON MATRIMONY.

But this wedlock indeed's a fearful thing;
'Tis something like that feat in the ring—
And requires good nerve to do it—
When one of a grand equestrian troupe
Makes a spring at a gilded hoop,
Not knowing at all what may befall
After his getting through it!

"What's the matter, Uncle Jerry!" said Mr. ——, as old Jeremiah K. was passing by, growling most ferociously.

"Matter!" said the old man; "I've been luggin water all the mornin' for Dr. C.'s wife to wash with, and what d'ye s'pose I got for it?"

"About ninepence."

"Ninepence! She told me that the doctor would pull a tooth for me sometime."

The young lady who caught a gentleman's eye has returned it, because it had a "wee-drop" in it.

What is the difference between a fisherman and a truant school boy? The one baits his hook, and the other hates his book.

"He that would increase in riches,
Must not hoe corn in silken breeches."

"Do you enjoy good health?" "Yes," was the reply; "who doesn't?"

The following story is related by the *Dublin Freeman:* "When the Light Brigade was preparing for action, the butcher of the 17th Lancers, who had just been performing his office, slaughtering sheep and oxen, made his appearance in the field without coat or waistcoat, his shirt-sleeves rolled up, and his arms and face smeared with blood—a grotesque and terrible figure. He mounted a powerful charger, and rode up to his troop. He had no business there, but the prospect of a bloody fray was too strong to be resisted. He seized two sabres, deliberately examined the temper and edges of the blades, selected the sharpest, and threw the other aside. He then, with equal coolness, took out a short black pipe, charged it, lighted it, placed it in his mouth, and, settling himself in the saddle, rode off with the "six hundred" into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. This man was seen among the Russian batteries, sabring the gunners right and left, slaying with his own hand at least six of the enemy, cutting his way in the retreat through the swarms of Russian cavalry which vainly sought to intercept the remnant of the gallant band, and, wonderful to relate, he rode back, still smoking his pipe as coolly as if nothing had happened, without having received a single scratch."

A week or two since the woods were "perfectly alive" with pigeons—as, indeed, they are every fall and spring. Among the many who seized their double-barreled guns and rushed to the slaughter, was my friend Sam K——k, from Bucks County, an eager sportsman—so eager on this occasion, indeed, that after driving at 2.40 speed some five or six miles out from the town, and seeing his horse properly put away, he discovered, with dismay, that he had left his shot-bag at home! Here was a dilemma for you! And to make the incident intolerable, the morning was simply perfect, and the birds settling and rising in clouds! What was to be done? That was a question upon which Sam exhausted his ingenuity without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. Having gyrated two or three times around the eighty-acre lot, to the music of *some* profane exclamations, he became calm enough to make up his mind for the return trip pigeonless. Just at that moment he saw another sportsman drive up to the fence near by, and soon recognized Captain R——. "Ah, how lucky!" thought Sam; "I can beg, buy, or borrow some shot of him. But—but—what if he has a short supply, and declines to divide in view of the multitude of birds? Ah! I have an idea!"

"Good-morning, Captain R——. A beautiful morning, this, for shooting; and the pigeons are as thick as blackberries."

"Cot'n-morgen, Herr K——k," responded the new-comer, who is one of the most gentlemanly, but not one of the sharpest, of kraut and sausage consumers; "me think we have blenty shooten dis day."

"Yes, plenty sport, Captain. But I say, Cap, do you see yon coffee-nut tree at the edge of the timber? its big leaves, still hanging, look like pigeons. Now that tree will attract all the birds to alight upon it. S'pose we build a blind there, and shoot together to-day? We can take in a thousand or two, I guess!"

"Very coot, Herr K——k," responded the German, and in a few minutes the cornstalk blind was erected, and the sportsmen ensconced behind it ready for business.

On came the long line of birds, circling around the feeding-ground for a moment, and then settling upon the coffee-nut tree in tens, fifties, hundreds.

"All ready now, Captain?" whispered Sam.

"Yah!" exclaimed the excited Captain.

"Fire together, then!" Bang! bang! went both guns, and a dozen birds were fluttering on the ground beneath the tree, besides two or three that sailed off wounded, and were lost.

"Pretty well done!" exclaimed Sam. "But let them lie, Captain; we will gather up the spoils when we get tired of killing."

And so they shot all day long, Sam taking especial pains to fire simultaneously with R.; and when, on one or two occasions, he accidentally fired alone, the "gun hung fire, or something got in his eye just as he pulled the trigger," and resulted in a *clear miss!* In the evening they divided one hundred and forty-three birds between them, and drove home in high glee over their good sport and heavy game-bags. To this hour, the Captain has not learned the fact that Sam *did not fire a single charge of shot in all that day!*

"See here, my friend, you are drunk!" "Drunk! to be sure I am, and have been for the last three years. You see my brother and I are on the temperance mission. He lectures, while I set a frightful example!"

An author of a love story, in describing his heroine, says: "Innocence dwells in the dark clusters of her hair." A waggish editor suggested that a fine-tooth comb would bring it out.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, Aug.* 3, 1857.

THE Import Trade of the port during the week was again large, and compares as follows with last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Aug. 1, 1857	$8,120,424....	$1,678,558
Corresponding week, 1856	3,518,817....	896,003
Increase............	$4,601,607	$782,555

The export of specie was small, being altogether about a million, of which $200,000 went from Boston; in addition to which the Sub-treasury absorbed some $600,000, so that the Banks have probably already lost the benefit of the California arrival of last week. Money continues to be easy; first class paper and demand loans rule at 7 @ 9, and lower grades in proportion.

The course of the Stock Market has been rather downward in the leading fancies, with the exception of New York Central, which is better. A pending negotiation in Erie is not believed to be beneficial to the stock; Reading has fallen heavily in consequence of diminished traffic; the operators for a rise in Michigan Southern seem to have abandoned the enterprise. Generally, there is very little demand for railway stocks or bonds, and prices are dull in consequence.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, August* 3, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have not varied much during the past week. Breadstuffs were moderately dealt in, chiefly by home dealers. Flour has ruled pretty firm, the closing currency being, for: Ordinary to extra State Flour $6 20 @ $6 75; ordinary to fancy Western do. $6 20 @ $6 45; low to choice extra Western do. $6 50 @ $10 50; fancy to extra Genesee do. $6 90 @ $9 75; superfine to choice extra Canadian do. $6 30 @ $8 75; low mixed to choice extra Southern do. $7 40 @ $9 75; fine to superfine Rye Flour $4 00 @ $6 00; Corn Meal, $4 10 for Jersey, and $4 30 @ $4 40 for Brandywine, per barrel. Wheat is plentier and cheaper. The range for all kinds is from $1 65 @ $1 90 for White, and $1 65 @ $1 75 for Red, per bushel. Corn fluctuated considerable during the week, closing, however, with a fair supply in market, and a moderate inquiry at drooping rates, for mixed Western, which is the only kind available at present. Mixed 87½ @ 89 c.; Yellow 90 @ 95 c.; White 95 c. @ $1 05; Rye $1 10 @ $1 13; Western Oats 64 @ 66 c.; State do. 59 @ 63 c.; Jersey do. 59 @ 63 c.; Southern do. 54 @ 58 c., per bushel; Barley and Barley Malt are dull and nominal. The Barley Crop of this State promises a fair average yield, somewhat in excess of that of last year. A sample of it, grown in Monroe County, has been exhibited in Albany. Cotton is somewhat brisker and dearer. Middling Uplands 15¼ c.; do. Gulfs 15¼ @ 15½ c., per pound. Provisions have been in good demand at full and buoyant prices. We now quote: Mess Pork $24 20 @ $24 30; Prime Pork $19 50; Repacked Western Mess Beef $16 25 @ $17 25 per barrel; Prime Mess Beef $28 00 @ $30 00 per tierce; Beef Hams $23 50 @ $23 75 per barrel; Bacon 11½ @ 13½ c. per pound; Lard, in barrels, 15 @ 15¼ c.; New State Butter 16 @ 24 c.; Cheese 5 @ 9¼ c. per pound. Groceries have been generally in fair request at about former quotations. Other commodities varied but little.

Stock of several Articles on hand, in New York, about August 1.

	1856.	1857.
Ashes, barrels	655	1,105
Coffee, packages	117,011	167,574
Cotton, bales	27,000	46,200
Hemp, tons	—	313
Hemp, bales	5,044	11,677
Hides, number	81,400	174,000
Leather, Sole, sides	43,900	53,600
Molasses, hogsheads	9,338	19,730
Molasses, barrels	1,342	17,568
Pork, barrels	40,875	34,407
Beef, tierces and barrels	36,342	18,027
Rice, tierces	5,032	2,046
Rice, bags	3,902	—
Sugars, hogsheads	66,133	109,695
Sugars, bags	—	34,046
Sugars, boxes	14,000	26,473
Tobacco, crude, hogsheads	6,710	6,925
Tobacco, crude, bales	5,159	7,738

Freights were dull and heavy. For Liverpool, Cotton, 2s. 6d. @ 3s. per bale; Flour, 6d. @ 9d. per barrel; Grain, 3d. per bushel; Beef, 6d. @ 9d. per tierce; Rosin, 4½d. @ 6d. per barrel; and heavy goods, 7s. 6d. @ 12s. 6d. per ton. For other ports proportionate quotations. There were in this port on Saturday 775 vessels, including 39 steamers, 184 ships, 143 barks, 120 brigs, and 289 schooners. Seamen are less plenty, late arrivals having added very few to the previous supply, yet the wages currency remains as last quoted.

The Live Stock Market was much depressed by the excess of supplies over what buyers required to satisfy pressing necessities. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, comprised 3327 Beeves, 232 Milch Cows, 684 Veal Calves, 11,002 Sheep and Lambs, and 1611 Swine, against 2953 Beeves, 229 Milch Cows, 774 Veal Calves, 11,524 Sheep and Lambs, and 400 Swine the preceding week. Most of the fresh cattle were from Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, New York, and Kentucky. The range of prices at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday was from 7½ c. for the poorest, to 12 c. for premium cattle, per pound—the general average having been 9¾ @ 10 c. per pound. Several droves, or parts of droves, were taken out to pasture, or left in the yards, last Wednesday evening. Milch Cows, with their Calves at their sides, were in moderate request, and were steady in price. The range was from $25 00 for common, to $70 00 for extra, per head. Veal Calves continued in limited supply and demand at old rates, viz., 5 @ 7 c. per pound, live weight. Sheep and Lambs were less abundant, yet they were cheaper, and not active. The bulk of the week's sales were effected at from $2 00 @ $6 00 per head. Swine were scarce and salable, 7 @ 8 c. for live, and 9¼ @ 10½ c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market exhibits no remarkably new features.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$3 00	@	$4 00
Cherries, per pound	10	@	14
Gooseberries, per bushel	$2 50	@	$3 00
Raspberries, Antwerp, per 100 baskets	$9 00	@	$10 00
Blackberries, per bushel	$3 00	@	$4 00
Whortleberries, per bushel	$3 00	@	$3 50
Currants, per pound	5	@	7
Potatoes, new, per barrel	$2 00	@	$5 00
" new, per bushel	62½	@	75
Onions, new, per 100 bunches	$4 50	@	—
" per pound	1½	@	2
Turnips, new, per barrel	$1 00	@	$1 50
Tomatoes, per basket	$1 75	@	—
Lettuce, per hundred	75	@	$1 00
Green Peas, per basket	37½	@	50
Squashes, new, per barrel	$1 50	@	—
Watermelons, per 100	$30 00	@	$40 00
Beets, per 100 bunches	$3 00	@	—
Cucumbers, per 100	50	@	75
Cabbages, per 100	$3 50	@	$5 00
Cauliflowers, per dozen	$1 00	@	$1 25
Butter, Western, per pound	15	@	20
" State, per pound	16	@	24
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	17	@	18
Fowls, per pound	18	@	20
Live Fowls, per pair	$1 00	@	$1 25
Ducks, Spring, per pair	$1 00	@	$1 25
Turkeys, per pound	16	@	18
Geese, each	$1 00	@	$1 50
Pigeons, Squab, per dozen	$2 00	@	$2 50
Woodcock, per dozen	$2 75	@	$3 00
Beef, per pound	7½	@	12
Mutton, per pound	7	@	11
Lamb, per pound	9	@	12½
Veal, per pound	9	@	11
Pork, per pound	9½	@	10½

MARRIED.

In Lowell, July 30th, at the residence of the bride's father, Central Street, by Rev. John Paine Cleaveland, D.D., HENRY PHELPS PERKINS, ESQ., to Miss STELLA LUCRETIA, eldest daughter of Dr. WALTER BURNHAM, all of Lowell.

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